The Nation

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Summary of the News

The controversy over the Lusitania is still unsettled, but it is pretty well established that the President has agreed to accept substantially Germany's latest proposals, even though they concede less than the United States had originally demanded. The change of a word, it is understood—"recognizes" instead of "assumes" liability—is desired by the President, and Ambassador Bernstorff has so notified his Government. The receipt of Count Bernstorff's communication in Berlin was announced on February 12. Opinion in Germany, so far as can be judged from press dispatches, seems to be hopeful of an immediate settlement, and it may be presumed, unless adverse circumstances arise, that the change desired by President Wilson will be incorporated in a formal note to be presented at the State Department in the near future.

Whether the settlement of the Lusitania question will be affected by the latest German announcement on the matter of armed merchant ships remains to be seen. Secretary Lansing, it will be remembered, last month addressed a communication to the Allied Powers recommending an agreement whereby merchant vessels for the remainder of the war should not be armed even for purposes of defence, and submarines, in return for this immunity from risk, should actually practice the less inhumane methods of warfare which have been accepted in principle by the Teutonic Powers. What purports to be the full text of Secretary Lansing's note, which was dated January 18, was received from a European correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* and published on February 12. Whether or not encouraged by Mr. Lansing's suggestion, Germany and Austria gave informal notice to the State Department on February 10 that from March 1 they would consider merchantmen armed with guns as belligerent ships, and would torpedo them without warning. Official notification to this effect was received by the State Department from Germany on February 12, and from Austria two days later.

That the adoption of the new Teutonic policy is likely to raise serious diplomatic questions for the United States is obvious. No official intimation has been given as to the position which will be taken by the Allies, nor has any reply been received to Secretary Lansing's proposals. The probability seems to be, however, that England and her allies would regard as an unneutral act the recognition by the United States, during the progress of the war, of any such radical change in international law. Opinion in Washington, as we write, seems to incline to the belief either that the Administration is prepared to accept the proposed change, reversing its earlier attitude, or that it will let the matter drift until a concrete case, directly affecting the United States, shall occur. If the former policy should be adopted, then citizens of the United States would be warned by their Government against sailing on armed vessels of belligerent nationality and such vessels would be treated in ports of the United States as warships and permitted only a stay of twenty-four hours in port.

Unexpectedly to the country at large, though not to well-informed circles in Washington, the resignation of Lindley M. Garrison as Secretary of War was announced on February 10. The immediate causes of the resignation, which is understood to have been offered on four previous occasions, were the refusal of the President to bring administrative pressure to bear on Congress in favor of the continental-army scheme advocated by Mr. Garrison, and the latter's disapproval of the Philippine bill. It is clear, however, from Washington dispatches that on other questions, notably of foreign policy, there had been an increasing lack of harmony between Mr. Garrison and President Wilson. The correspondence that passed between the President and the ex-Secretary of War was published in the papers of February 11. The resignation of Henry Breckinridge, Assistant Secretary of War, was tendered and accepted at the same time as Mr. Garrison's. No appointment of a successor to Mr. Garrison has been made at the time of writing.

The resignation of Mr. Garrison is generally regarded as marking the end of the proposed continental army. Congress has definitely turned its attention to plans for federalization, in some form, of the State militia, and the House Military Committee on February 11 adopted a resolution declaring the Committee's appreciation of the confidence in it expressed by the President in his correspondence with Mr. Garrison. An echo of the break in the Cabinet was heard on Saturday of last week, when there were rumors, which need not be taken too seriously, of a concerted plan to oust Mr. Kitchin from the Democratic leadership in the House on account of his opposition to preparedness.

Official announcement of President Wilson's candidacy for renomination came on Monday, when, to satisfy the requirements of a State statute, formal consent was given for the use of his name in the Presidential primaries in Ohio. Publication on February 9 of a letter written by Justice Hughes, in which he declared that he was "entirely out of politics" and was opposed to the use of his name in connection with the Presidential nomination, is not considered to have affected the possibility of the Republican nomination ultimately being forced upon him.

Questions of some importance are raised by the note which, as announced on February 10, Secretary Lansing has sent to the Austro-Hungarian Government inquiring into the circumstances of the attack by an Austrian submarine on the American tank steamer Petrolite. The submarine fired on the Petrolite, wounding one man, boarded her, and took food from her stores. The question that is raised is whether, if this practice became common, neutral ships would not be in the position of serving as bases for belligerent submarines.

Dispatches from London of February 9 announced that the British note on the question of the blockade had been delayed, and might not be ready this month.

Hearings on the Administration's Shipping bill were begun on February 10 by the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

The British Parliament was opened on Tuesday by a royal commission, King George, it was announced, not having sufficiently recovered from his accident to undertake the ceremony.

Dispatches from Rome of February 11 announced the issuance of a royal decree prohibiting from that date importation into or transit through Italy of all German and Austrian merchandise, as well as the exportation of all merchandise of German or Austrian origin through Italian ports. The proclamation is regarded as one result of M. Briand's recent visit to Premier Salandra.

German aeroplanes last week made a determined attack on a street car and a girls' school on the coast of Kent, according to the British official report, which also states that small material damage was done and no one killed, a little girl and two women being slightly injured. Better success attended the efforts of Austrian aeroplanes, which on Saturday of last week made a raid over Ravenna and other ancient and unfortified towns in northeastern Italy, damaging a hospital and the basilica of Sant' Apollinare at Ravenna, and killing fifteen persons and wounding a number of others, including several women and children.

Official dispatches on Monday announced the loss of the British cruiser Arethusa by striking a mine off the east coast of England. Ten of the crew were lost. The sinking of the French cruiser Amiral Charner by a German submarine on February 8 was confirmed in dispatches from Paris on Monday, which reported the rescue of a single survivor. A German official statement last week announced the sinking by German torpedo-boats of the British cruiser Arabis and another warship. The British version is that the vessels alluded to were four mine-sweepers, three of which returned safely.

The week has been marked by a resumption of hostilities on an extensive scale on the western front. A "defensive offensive" has been undertaken by the Germans in Artois and in the Champagne region, and furious artillery duels have resulted. Gains or losses of terrain have been small on either side, but the exchange is, as we write, slightly in favor of the Germans. In Galicia the Russians are again on the offensive. From Salonica comes news of the landing of considerable reinforcements to the Allies, and it was reported on Monday that the French were again proceeding up the railway and concentrating troops as far forward as the Bulgarian frontier. Further progress is reported by the Russians near Erzerum.

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The Week

Mr. Garrison's words about his political intentions have the directness and positiveness that should characterize the utterances of a Secretary of War. "Under no conceivable circumstances" would he appear as a candidate against his late chief, "now or at any future time." Neither would he "for a moment consider taking the stump" against the President, and he will "in no way" make himself "vocal" upon the question of preparedness. The suggestion of his candidacy for the highest office in his own State might have been thought to give him pause, but here, too, he was explicit. "I would not accept the Governorship of New Jersey if the certificates of election were tendered to me on a silver platter." Not every Secretary or ex-Secretary of War has felt this way about political entanglements. And how grateful Republicans as well as Democrats will be for his showing how to renounce political ambition in a manner to produce conviction that one means what one says. In particular, the various Republicans who have been at the trouble of explaining that they do not expect the lightning to strike them at Chicago, but have not known just how to put up a trustworthy rod—the country will confidently expect a series of interviews with them, bristling with negatives which will be like so much asphyxiating gas to their little booms.

A triumph for the pork-barrel is now one popular way of describing the demise of Mr. Garrison's plan for a Federal reserve and the definite trend towards national defence on the basis of the State militia. By emphasizing the question of dollars and cents in the way of apportionment and pay under the contemplated plan, the problem is made to assume a strong family resemblance to our notorious post-offices, harbors, and rivers. But if it is, indeed, the old game of pork we are threatened with, others than the self-seeking Congressman are in the game. The citizens and military men behind the bill for augmenting and strengthening the National Guard must be in the game. The commander of the National Guard in New York State must be in the game. Congressman Julius Kahn, a Republican and from the coast which is in such imminent peril of a Japanese invasion, is in the game. While Mr. Menken, who lives in New York, was again declaring that our Pacific Coast would be helpless against an attack from Japan unless safeguarded by universal military service, Mr. Kahn, who lives in San Francisco, was expressing his confidence that under a reorganized militia his life and his property would be secure against a Japanese invasion. Congressman Kahn must be looking forward to a very fat slice of pork if he is willing to take the chance. Or are we to assume that there are Congressmen who are as disinterested in their beliefs as the officials of security leagues?

Nothing can be so fatal to the cause of preparedness to the hilt as this bearing down upon Congress as an assemblage of men ready to sacrifice the national interest for the sake of pork. The impression is unescapable that if your Congressman in this hour of dread emergency cannot forget his own sordid interests, then the emergency does not exist. It is quite true that the member of Congress ordinarily has his horizon limited by the boundaries of his district. Too frequently he has to be taught to recognize the national interest as against his local interests. But, by the argument, this is not an ordinary occasion. We are facing a national crisis. Must we assume, then, that 435 American citizens, who cannot be quite dead to the impulses that stir the heart of the nation, are yet so beset with their own profit that they will dare to misrepresent the sentiment of the masses? It is well enough to distinguish between local interests and national interests, but, after all, the Congressman's personal interest must coincide in the long run with the popular desire. Concede that the main concern of the average Congressman is to get himself reëlected. He will not get himself reelected by opposing preparedness when the country is really aflame for preparedness. An irresistible tide would sweep the reluctant Congressman with it. If he feels at leisure to pursue pork, it must be that he feels himself in no danger of being overwhelmed.

Claude Kitchin's unfitness to be leader of the Democratic majority in the House is apparently proved by the fact that he has a mind and convictions of his own. "They are my people, I am their leader, I must follow them," cried the fervent French politician. If Congressman Kitchin hopes to retain his official position in Congress he should study the example of the most popular leader of our time. In the career of Mr. Roosevelt he will seldom come across an instance of that successful leader leading anywhere but with the swing of the tide. To exert one's influence in converting a following to one's own ideas is the mission of a prophet, an agitator, a crank, but not of a leader. And perhaps Mr. Kitchin would submit to this law of leadership if it could be shown in which direction the Democrats in Congress expect him to lead. The New York *World* is at pains to point out to Mr. Kitchin that the Democratic majority wants this and that and the other thing, but the Congressmen themselves have no such definite convictions. Suppose Mr. Kitchin makes way for a new leader. It would be interesting to know just what cause the new commander could summon his followers to battle for. At present we only know that a Democratic leader of much more prominence than Mr. Kitchin has recently tried the formula of following where the crowd supposedly wanted to go, and the results of the experiment have been far from encouraging.

At the meeting in London, on Monday, in favor of a more ruthless use of British seapower against German trade, a letter was read from Admiral Beresford, in which he said: "If we had made all goods entering Germany contraband, the war would be over." This is, naturally, the smashing naval view. Over against it may be set the opinion of the men who have to think, not only of stark might at sea, but of international law, and of the relations of Great Britain to neutrals. Sir Edward Grey, in his recent notable speech in the House of Commons, referred to the assertion that if the Government had only done this or the other high-handed thing with neutral shipping, the war would have been shortened. His measured comment was as follows: "If we had gone as far as that, the war might possibly have been over by now, but it would have been over because the whole world would have been against us, and we and our allies, too, would have collapsed under the general resentment of the whole world." It would be hard to put more convincingly the difference between a sea-dog and a responsible statesman.

The French Premier's visit to Rome is primarily intended as a sign of solidarity between Italy and her allies. The move was necessary. Italy's lack of conspicuous success in her military operations against Austria has probably caused disappointment in Allied capitals. By this time the Allies are hardened to disappointment, but in the case of Italy it was a question whether she was putting all her heart and strength into the war. She has held aloof from joint

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operations in the Mediterranean. She is still formally at peace with Germany. She did not exert herself in behalf of Montenegro. The Italian Socialists are actively agitating for peace. All these things need not reflect on the sincerity of Italy's adhesion to the common cause, but it was natural for Germany to try to read that meaning into the situation. She did so the other day in the semi-official statement at Berlin purporting to give a translation of Premier Salandra's latest speech, in which the Italian Premier is represented as forecasting a retirement of the Italian army from the present battle-line, with the implication that the country was weary of the war. On the face of things it was impossible that Salandra should have made such a confession, and now it appears that he was speaking of domestic politics in terms of military operations. Nevertheless, this last circumstance, added to the various factors we have enumerated, was bound to create disquiet in London and Paris. In allaying such fears the cordial meeting between Briand and Salandra will have its effect.

Nothing can be more futile than the game of exhausting Germany and bringing her to her knees by means of the multiplication table. Deducing victory from an analysis of casualties and recoveries and reserves and monthly wastages is a pastime particularly prevalent in the intervals between heavy battles, like the present. It corresponds to what is known in baseball parlance as the operations of the Winter League. The latest "careful" analysis by the expert of the London *Times* establishes, to his own satisfaction, the fact that Germany has a minimum fighting reserve of 2,000,000 men, which will last till February, 1917, when the decline will begin. At the last moment, however, the *Times* specialist is struck by the fact that Germany's recent monthly wastage has been only 36,000, as against 150,000 during the first seventeen months of the war; and this forces him to the startling conclusion that if this rate of wastage continues, "there is no particular reason to set any particular term upon the war." However, there is no more real meaning in these figures than in the figures that threaten Germany with immediate defeat. We have repeatedly called attention to the primary and obvious error which vitiates all such calculations, namely, the apparent assumption that, while German lives are wasting away, French and Russian and Italian lives are being miraculously conserved. And the fact that Germany, by February, 1917, will have added a million young recruits to her army is quietly overlooked by the *Times* critic.

The truth is that the vast bulk of numerical calculations with regard to the war is the wildest kind of guesswork, whatever display of statistical machinery the calculators may make. The only definite figures of any kind are the British casualties, officially announced from time to time. The next in definiteness are the German casualties as calculated from the lists, and even here a wide margin of error exists. A month ago, when the German lists, as studied by neutrals, indicated total casualties close to three and a half millions, an official estimate in the House of Commons placed them at only two and a half millions. The *Times* expert speaks of an average German wastage of 150,000 per month; but only a little while ago every expert was figuring on the basis of 200,000 German casualties per month. How wildly we are guessing at these things is best illustrated, perhaps, by the estimates of the relative strength of the armies in the battle of the Marne. Mr. Perris, in his well-informed history of the early campaign, says the Allies were to the Germans as 5½ to 4½. Mr. Belloc has said that the Allies were to the Germans as 5 to 8. If, therefore, a million men fought under Joffre and French, then, according to one authority, they were confronted by 820,000 Germans, and, according to another authority, by 1,600,000 Germans. The difference of 100 per cent. just about measures the precision of our knowledge regarding the statistics of the war. Add to this the simple fact that battles and wars since the beginning of time have been won and lost in utter disregard of numbers, and the true value of all our elaborate calculations is apparent.

If Mr. Brandeis had nothing more formidable to meet than the attacks of Clifford Thorne, Chairman of the Iowa Railroad Commission, he would have little occasion for worry. It is not likely that anybody will regard Mr. Brandeis's accession to the Supreme Court as a serious danger to the people on the ground that he is filled with a preconceived notion as to the need of high returns on railway investments, a fear that appears to be robbing Mr. Thorne of his sleep. Even if it be actually true that Mr. Brandeis admitted more than he ought to have admitted, when acting as counsel before the Interstate Commerce Commission, no sensible person will believe that this was the result of a "preconceived notion" too favorable to the railways. As for the long story of the understanding between Mr. Thorne and Mr. Brandeis in regard to the division of time and of subject-matter in the hearing of the railway-rate case, either it amounts to a charge of outright bad faith or it amounts to nothing at all—and we suspect that the latter is the estimate that will be placed upon it by the committee.

In regard to the letter of Judge Hughes, published last Thursday, it is necessary to note two things—the circumstances which called it out and the exact nature of what he wrote. Many attempts have been made to "draw" Mr. Hughes about the Presidency, but he has kept silent. When, however, a Virginia Representative sent him the details of a story to the effect that Frank Hitchcock was taking charge of a Hughes campaign, talking about dividing the patronage, and already intimating that he would be "premier" of the next Administration, the sharp letter was forthcoming. "I know nothing whatever of the matters to which you refer. I am totally opposed to the use of my name in connection with the nomination and selection or instruction of any delegates in my interest." This is flat, and it is also unquestionably sincere. Judge Hughes wants to keep out of the campaign entirely. He will allow no one to speak for him or work for him as a candidate. It seems clear, however, that he will not say the one word which would make his nomination at Chicago impossible. If he were intending ever to say it, the opportunity presented by Representative Slemp could hardly have been passed by. And it is certain that unless Judge Hughes does use, before the date of the Convention, the classic formula of Gen. Sherman—"I will not accept if nominated, and if elected I will not serve"—his name will still be seriously considered as that of the man best fitted to lead a united party. And the call to such a leadership might come to Charles E. Hughes as an imperative public duty.

The four Massachusetts Republicans and ex-Progressives who announce their candidacy as delegates-at-large to the Chicago Convention speak as men sick of uncertainty. They are "tired of vague statements and beating around the bush." They "propose to go straight to the point and give every one a chance to know for what he is voting in the primaries." They "don't want to go unpledged," nor do they want "a convention

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set up for dark horses." Would not the uninformed reader gather that Massachusetts had no particular choice for President and was in danger of sending to Chicago a delegation whose action no one could forecast? Yet Senator Weeks is openly in the field and probably will be endorsed at the Massachusetts Presidential primaries on April 25. There is another Massachusetts Republican who might figure at Chicago—Gov. McCall. Do the candor-loving four have him in mind when they speak scornfully of "a convention set up for dark horses"? They make a brave appearance of laying all their cards upon the table by concluding, snappily: "We want Roosevelt for President." Yet they delayed the announcement until their hero was on the high seas, to be gone a month. Were they fearful that that forthright man might not feel so impatient of vague statements and beating around the bush?

Rumors attendant upon Mr. Frank H. Hitchcock's activities in the delegate preserves of the Southland simply emphasize the fact that if America has not as yet produced a figure of the first importance in the field of philosophy or creative art, it is because the subtlety and dynamic energy of the nation are monopolized by pre-convention politics. A composite picture of all the explanations adduced for Mr. Hitchcock's efforts shows that he is engaged in picking up Hughes delegates who may under circumstances be transformed into Roosevelt delegates, and yet again into Whitman delegates. If it were not so unpopular to speak of German philosophers, one would say that the situation is Hegelian. Thesis: Hughes; anti-thesis: Roosevelt; synthesis: Whitman and victory. To the mind untrained in metaphysics this sudden emergence of the historic question of the Southern delegate casts a rather ironic light on recent efforts within the Republican party to do away with the evil. The only apparent effect of reducing Southern representation in the next Republican Convention has been to reduce the number of Southern delegates whom it is necessary to control in order to hold the balance of power. The vest-pocket delegates are still there. The organizer of victory at Chicago next summer will only need a smaller vest pocket.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of the late ex-Congressman Hepburn's career was its overlapping of what we think of as the ancient and the modern in our politics. As Chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, he was the author of the Anti-Rebate law, the Pure Food law, and the Public Health act, measures which mark a new spirit in our legislation. But it is when we read of his first election to Congress in 1880 by a Convention which balloted in vain for three days, took a recess of four days, and made a choice on the ninth day, that we realize how old things have passed away. Those 384 ineffective ballots, with the Congressman then representing the district only three votes short of a renomination upon every one of them, must have been cited in many a debate upon the best method of electing public officers. The prolonged contest apparently tired out the Republicans of the district, for Hepburn was renominated a dozen times almost automatically. The same year saw the historic struggle at Chicago, with Grant's phalanx holding out to the end. Yet the thirty-six ballots necessary to nominate Garfield were fewer by ten than those required to nominate Wilson in 1912.

The celebration last week of forty years of existence of our oldest comic journal—for such the *Harvard Lampoon* pretends to be—shows that in one field undergraduate intellectual activity has made a genuine mark. The *Lampoon* numbers among past editors men like Robert Grant, Owen Wister, Lloyd McKim Garrison, William Roscoe Thayer, and Frederic Jessup Stimson. It possesses a building that, in its practical fittings, might well be the envy of many a university press. The difficulty with many college periodicals is that, like the one Stevenson edited, they are subject to periods of suspended animation. The *Lampoon*, however, never ceased publication except for a few months in 1880. Its record is both long and distinguished. College wit, in fact, has made a place for itself in the outside world. One or two college musical comedies have had long runs on the stage, and the numerous columns of the newspapers frequently harbor clippings from the undergraduate comic weekly. College youths are not so overburdened with their tasks, or with the coming responsibilities of which orators are constantly reminding them, that they are not still among our experts in gayety.

The modern qualification for the author of boys' books is a cheap fecundity; and since Henty and Optic set a fashion with nearly a hundred volumes each, it is a poor writer of juvenile literature who will not sneer at Trollope's mild recipe for so many words a minute, or so many pages an hour. Part of the affection with which J. T. Trowbridge will be remembered will be for one of a more leisurely, more sincere group—the group of Louisa M. Alcott and Hezekiah Butterworth. His stories of New England life did not follow a machine-made design; some of them were *genre* studies of a fairly mature nature. To be known and respected among the circle of early contributors to the *Atlantic*—Holmes, Howells, Longfellow, Emerson, Aldrich—argues qualities which made the writing of "Cudjo's Cave" and "Coupon Bonds" something more than narratives for the uncritical. No doubt the New England household was one which scanned its books and periodicals carefully, and it was to the New England household that Trowbridge chiefly catered. Indeed, the novels we have named illustrate the old thesis that the best juvenile literature is that which, with a certain youthfulness of spirit, is written primarily for adults. They, like "Neighbor Jackwood" and "Farnell's Folly," were designed for the general audience of the time, and this is doubtless one of the reasons for their survival among young people.

An American lecturer at Oxford not long ago reproached British students for ignorance of even the outlines of our Civil War. But to-day the whole British nation is displaying interest in its leaders and its literature. Lincoln's Birthday sees Englishmen calling upon their Government for the same stability, shrewdness, and confidence that the great President displayed in times that tried men's souls. Also our Civil War is constantly cited as showing the possibility of muddling through to final victory. But most surprising is the British interest in Civil War literature. It would be hard to say how often the British press has quoted Holmes's gibing poem on the youth who refused to enlist. Lowell has been constantly drawn upon, and the English have shown a remarkable skill in apt quotation from the "Biglow Papers." American humor, above all, comforts them. Englishmen who a few years ago might have sneered at Artemus Ward are now quoting with relish his determined assertion that "I have already given two cousins to the war, and I stand reddy to sacrifice my wife's brother rather 'n not see the rebelyun krusht," and find to the point his sarcastic statement that if he were drafted, while "deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person."

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THE QUESTION OF ARMED MERCHANTMEN.

There is no concealment at Washington of the concern caused Secretary Lansing and the President by the new naval policy announced by Germany and Austria. It is, in a word, to treat hereafter every merchant vessel mounting no more than a single gun as a warship, to be sunk on sight. Many questions are raised by this abrupt serving of notice—the plan is to be put in force on March 1—and all of them are serious. They require the most careful consideration, in all their bearings, by the State Department; and the President and his advisers will need to exercise the greatest prudence lest they make a false step and thereby imperil the rights of Americans on the sea.

It is possible, of course, that no practical difficulty will speedily arise. There may be more threat than intention in the new Teutonic programme. The German assumption that all Allied merchantmen could be destroyed by the mere pressing of a button in the German Admiralty will doubtless provoke a smile at the British Admiralty. And it is not at all improbable that the putting out of the new German menace at this time has something to do with the closing up of the negotiations over the Lusitania. In that matter the German Government is presumably on the point of making its ultimate concession. May the moment of doing so not have been chosen for another proclamation of "frightfulness" on the ocean, partly in order to distract popular attention from the diplomatic retreat? But we have to remember, on the other hand, that an action intended to mask or palliate the yielding of Germany to the demands of the United States may also be intended to raise new questions in a way to make the American triumph appear barren. Of what avail to win our contention on one great rule of international law, if another is at once set aside, involving in the act similar dangers?

That the whole question of armed merchantmen is vexed needs no other proof than the fact that Secretary Lansing sought to remove its main difficulties, temporarily, by an agreement between the Allies and the Teutonic Powers. His offer was meant to relieve the tension and the strain, for neutrals as well as for belligerents. And in drafting his proposed *modus*, to last as long as the war continues, Mr. Lansing showed a perfect comprehension of the point of view of either party, and great fairness in stating the arguments on one side and the other. It is entirely true, as he observed, that conditions of the sea have changed since the time when merchant ships were first allowed to carry small guns, purely for defence, without losing their status. The days when Chief Justice Marshall so held were the days of pirates and privateers at sea. And it is frankly to be admitted that there is force in the German argument that a merchantman's guns are now intended only for submarines. The latter are frail constructions. A single shot may render them helpless. Yet they are expected to observe the rules of visit and search precisely as would a powerful cruiser. There is, as we think every impartial mind will admit, a certain injustice here. That it troubled Mr. Lansing is shown by his effort to avoid it through a compromise. But he certainly troubled others when he went so far as to say that our Government was seriously thinking of regarding merchant vessels with guns on board as auxiliary warships.

What are the objections to this? It would, in the first place, reverse a ruling of the State Department deliberately made since the war broke out. The matter has come up several times, and in each instance has been decided in the same way. In view of the diplomatic and legal precedents, no other decision could have been made. The very Naval Code of the United States recognizes the right of merchant vessels to resist capture—and arms on such ships are never used for aggressive attack. There is no dispute that, until now, the rule has been that a merchantman with a limited and strictly defensive armament was entitled to enjoy the status of a peaceful trading-ship. Why depart now from that ancient and accepted principle?

The reply is that the conditions of naval warfare have been entirely changed. When the reason for the law falls, the law falls, too. All this might be granted without in the least removing the great and sufficient objection to changing the old rule in the way now talked of. If the thing is to be done at all, let it be in the regular way. This is by international conference, by the consent of nations. It will not do for any one nation—or any two nations—suddenly to announce that it will not abide by the rules of war, since conditions have made them obsolete. Least of all can such a step be tolerated while the war is going on. Let the law be set aside, or altered, after peace has come, and by peaceful methods. Why, the very point of the American protest to the British Government is that the latter is departing, on its own motion, from the recognized laws of visit and search and of blockade, because "conditions have changed." Our State Department would not listen to that plea. No more would it to the assertions of Germany that the coming of the submarine had nullified the old supreme commands of humanity at sea. And can it be that our Government is now to do the very thing which it would not allow in others? Are we to set up a new rule about armed merchantmen, off our own bat? If so, our mouth will be shut when other Governments bring out their own alterations of international law. It is a dangerous business. If we embark upon such ventures, we shall be exposed to the charge not only of inconsistency, but of violating strict neutrality, and shall be unnecessarily heaping up vexation and peril for ourselves.

THE BREAK IN THE CABINET.

Secretary Garrison's resignation has two distinct aspects. One is the Cabinet question. The other is the matter of national defence. Either would be of great significance at this time. Together, they constitute a political event of the first magnitude.

On the general principles of team-play in an Administration, it is clear that Mr. Garrison was never built for membership in a Cabinet. He is too strong-willed, too sure that his personal convictions are immutable truth, to be able to do what Mr. Gladstone said was necessary for men in a Cabinet—throw their minds into the common pot. Some Secretaries insist upon keeping their cookery separate. Mr. Garrison is evidently one of them. A nature like his, which he himself has admitted to be insubordinate and rebellious, is ill fitted for the delays and the friction, the compromises and the hurts to *amour propre*, which are inevitable in Cabinet work. It has long been suspected in Washington that a break between the Secretary of War and the President was bound to come. The temperaments of the two were so antagonistic that they were certain to fly apart.

In regard to the specific issue on which Secretary Garrison goes out, no frank man can deny that he had a grievance and a justification. It is plain that he could not stay in the Cabinet and retain his self-respect. For in the extraordinary letter of February 10, in which the President replied to the Secretary's letter of February 9, Mr. Garrison was told in so many words that he could go before the Military Committees of

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Congress and make any argument he pleased, but that "you will be kind enough to draw very carefully the distinction between your own individual views and the views of the Administration." This was tantamount to a demand for Mr. Garrison's resignation. He at once sent it in. A Secretary with a particle of personal dignity could do no other.

The trouble goes some way back. It arose when the President swallowed Secretary Garrison's army plans whole. That he did this far too hastily, and that he should have taken much more advice than he deigned to seek, is now evident. But the point is that he did it. He put the whole scheme into his message to Congress. It was no question then of the Secretary's individual views as distinct from those of the Administration. The two were identical. The President committed himself to Mr. Garrison's plan. Hence the Secretary was warranted, a month ago, in calling Mr. Wilson's attention to the mounting opposition in Congress to their programme, and asking him if he was ready to make a fight for it. But it immediately appeared that the President had developed an "open mind." He was "wedded to no particular plan," though he had gone in heartily and officially for Mr. Garrison's plan, and urged the Secretary to be patient and to make sacrifices in order to see if the thing they were alike in desiring might not be obtained from Congress in some other form. That situation Mr. Garrison found intolerable, and we agree that it was. Not being able to command for himself President Wilson's flexibility, he bluntly stated that they were in hopeless disagreement, and that he could no longer remain "your seeming representative." Under the circumstances, we do not see how the Secretary can be blamed.

This is not to say that we believe his army plans to have been wise. In fact, their central feature—his scheme for a "continental army"—had been left with hardly a friend in either house of Congress. It may have been partly this despite shown to his own offspring that made Mr. Garrison irritable. The President had no hesitation in abandoning the infant, but the Secretary had the feelings of a parent. Moreover, he had attacked with all his power the alternative plan, which now seems to be meeting with favor, to enlarge the State militia, pay it out of the Federal Treasury, and bring it, in point of training and equipment, into closer touch with the regular army. With this Mr. Garrison had no patience. Looking at the problem purely as one of providing a strong national force, strictly under national control, he would put out of the reckoning all bodies officered, trained, and controlled by the States. Now, for this point of view much could be said if one could first make a clean sweep of American traditions, political conditions, and inherited prejudices. But they have already proved too strong for Secretary Garrison, and we doubt not that they will prove too strong for other military theorists who start out by making a *tabula rasa* of our past.

Politically, this new break in the Cabinet is not likely to be so critical for the President as was Bryan's resignation last June. Still, it must come as a blow to Mr. Wilson, at this juncture. It will add to the impression of divided counsels and confusion in the Administration. With the Presidential campaign coming on apace, this will be held by apprehensive Democrats to be ominous. But it may all be altered shortly. Mr. Wilson may be able to make an appointment which will really strengthen the Cabinet. He did so in Mr. Bryan's case. He may do it in Secretary Garrison's. The latter impressed himself on the country as a man of great intellectual force, but he was evidently not very pliable Cabinet timber. The poet has told us what happens when two strong men meet, but not when they meet in a Cabinet.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES THOROUGHLY PREPARED.

The full report in the *Congressional Record* of the debate on the navy in the House, on Monday of last week, furnishes reading which is amusing or painful, as one chooses. There was a sudden demand for exact naval information. The Naval Committee was assailed by many men from Missouri. Then there were a lot of rough-and-ready statesmen with their own ideas of the way in which the fleet might be made the most powerful in the world without a week's delay. And in the clash of minds which raged on the floor for a couple of hours, the misunderstandings and impossible proposals and pathetic confessions of ignorance were both frequent and ludicrous. Of all this the Washington dispatches in the newspapers could give but a faint idea. It takes the stenographic report to show how thoroughly prepared is the House of Representatives, no matter how it may be with the rest of the country.

In an unlucky moment for him, Representative Butler, of Pennsylvania, was put up as a target for the questioners. He has been a member of Congress for twenty years, and has served on the Naval Affairs Committee for sixteen years. Here, surely, was an authority, if not an expert. He was asked to tell all about the battleship California, now building. When was she begun? He did not know. He thought about a year ago. As a matter of fact, her keel was laid in October. But when would she be completed? Here is the illuminating answer: "If we have extraordinary luck in the construction of the ship, if we double up the help, we may be able to launch it in nine months." Anyhow, she would be the best thing going in the way of battleships? Mr. Butler thought so, "because she is the newest." Then followed this:

> Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Can any one tell which is the best battleship we have?
> Mr. Butler: Yes.
> Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Who is it?
> Mr. Butler: I do not know. In answer to the gentleman, there is some one who can tell us which is the best. There is some one who would tell us it is not the best, and therefore we will take our own guess at it. She is being built very carefully by high-skilled men. I believe it will be among the best, because it may be among the longest completed.

The insatiate Mr. Clark, of Missouri, was not to be put down by this plain answer. He pursued the subject relentlessly:

> Mr. Clark, of Missouri: Is there any battleship afloat that all of these naval experts agree is the best battleship?
> Mr. Butler: It is a pleasure to answer the gentleman's question if he will allow me to get a step further. They do not agree to anything.

Shortly after this the Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee, entered the House and undertook the salvage of the shipwrecked Butler. Representative Padgett cut a much better figure. He plainly knows what he is talking about. But by the time he took part in the debate, the flood of short-and-easy suggestions for making the navy invincible had risen so high that he was almost overwhelmed by them. Why not rip out all our fourteen-inch guns and put seventeen-inch guns in their places? Mr. Padgett had to explain. It was not known, in the first place, whether a seventeen-inch gun had ever been, or ever could be, mounted on a battleship. The fourteen-inch guns fired a shell nearly fourteen miles, "and that is away beyond where you can see or pick out a ship or anything else." Moreover, battleships are so a matter of nice designing for weight, stability, and so forth, that it is not possible to change the calibres of the guns overnight—though several Congressmen thought that there would be no difficulty about it. Then there was the question of the speed of bat-

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tleships. Why are we not building faster ships?

Mr. Linthicum: Did the gentleman see that statement in the papers the other day that the Bluecher, that was sunk by the British, was 3 knots faster than the Oklahoma, the fastest boat we have?

Mr. Padgett: The Bluecher is a cruiser and not a battleship. Cruisers are all fast ships and are slightly armored for cruising and commerce-destroying purposes, and they are not put in the first line to fight against battleships. They are intended more for commerce-destroying purposes.

Mr. Gardner: Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Padgett: I do.

Mr. Gardner: The gentleman does not mean to say that Dreadnought cruisers of thirty-knot speed are not considered capital ships in the first line?

Mr. Padgett: I say they are not considered as fighting ships to fight against battleships. They will fight against cruisers and they serve a capital purpose. They are very valuable ships, but a battle cruiser with armor of six or seven inches would not go up against a battleship with armor of twelve or fourteen inches.

Mr. Gardner: That is assuming her guns did not have a longer range, is not that true?

Mr. Padgett: Assuming that they have guns that will shoot as far as either one can shoot at the other. It is no farther from the battleship to the cruiser than from the cruiser to the battleship.

If any one thinks that there is an air of Gilbert and Sullivan—or, better, Weber and Fields—about all this, he should remember the pitfalls of running debate. In extempore give and take, a wise man may often say things that sound foolish. But no champion of preparedness can read these pages of the *Congressional Record* without a sinking of the heart. Is it by such haphazard consideration, such beating of the air, such zigzagging in the dark, that this nation is to be prepared so completely as to be able to defy a world in arms?

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

"The towering idealism of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and second inaugural," says Mr. Roosevelt in his latest volume of papers and addresses, "counted only because it represented the labor and effort and willingness to face death and eager pride in fighting for ideals." In laying such lavish tribute at the feet of the great emancipator, Mr. Roosevelt has been recreant to the ideals of the newer patriotism which he emphasizes so strenuously elsewhere in the book and which so many of us are now engaged in inculcating by book, press, platform, and conversation. The new patriotism reads our story as the record of a people which has prospered in spite of its criminal folly; a nation guided in its course by short-sighted and self-seeking politicians whom we have absurdly magnified into leaders and patriots. If a consistent practitioner of the new patriotism were to sum up Abraham Lincoln, he would speak of a man who made himself the champion of the manufacturing interests of the North against the agricultural South, who did not hesitate to plunge the country into civil war for purely material ends, who dragged out the war through four years whereas a really competent President could have cleaned things up in three months, and who signally failed in the face of a great opportunity when, after the defeat of the South was assured, he took no steps to prevent the disbanding of the splendid veteran army of a million men with whose aid this country might have been safeguarded against invasion for ever.

Telling the bitter truth about father has been in fashion for some time, with the historians of the United States. McMaster had some very sharp things to say about the men of the Revolution when they laid down the sword and began to play politics. Later the historians brought the test of economic determinism into play, and had little difficulty in showing that the United States Constitution, instead of being the most splendid document that ever issued from the mind of man, was only a codification of sectional and class interests designed for the frustration of democracy. After that it was only a step to show that Washington was a land-grabber and tax-dodger, and that he won the Revolution with the aid of a crowd of land-speculators, note-brokers, and grafting contractors. This doctrine might have been confined within academic circles and Socialist party meetings, were it not for Preparedness. To the advocates of an America armed to the teeth, the doctrine was a heaven-sent weapon.

One favorite chapter of the new patriotism deals with the wars of the United States. As told in the school histories and rehearsed in Fourth of July orations and high-school debates, this country has fought four foreign wars and one civil war, and has emerged triumphant from all. And these wars were fought for the most part by minute-men, militia, volunteers, in other words, by a citizen soldiery. The new patriotism revises the story. The Revolution was won by the French fleet and British incompetence. The War of 1812 was lost, but we have lied about it. The Mexican War was won, but in spite of ourselves. The Civil War was muddled through at terrific cost. The war of 1898 was won against a decrepit Power, and again in spite of ourselves. As for our citizen soldiers, they were seditious, insubordinate, and cowardly in the Revolution; they mutinied and ran away in the War of 1812; they quit the battlefield at critical moments in 1846 and 1861. Mr. F. L. Huidekoper, in his "Military Unpreparedness of the United States," gives a detailed enumeration of the militia that ran away, mutinied, or deserted in the course of our history. Such a list is not out of place in an elaborate historical study like Mr. Huidekoper's. But it shows the spirit of the new patriotism that patriots who are now concerned with the safety of this nation have seized upon our cowardly and mutinous citizen soldiers, and are hugging them to their bosom with a wild joy. Pointing with pride to this record of insubordination and poltroonery, they ask if we are willing to go on trusting to luck for another 140 years.

If, therefore, the United States lies naked to her enemies to-day, the fault is with buncombe of the Fourth of July orator and the patriotic whitewash of our school books. The menace of the school histories exercises the New York *Times* greatly. "Silly and mendacious books," wrong in their facts and worse in their perspective, they "have engraved on the mind of the child that embattled farmers had only to take their hunting weapons down from the wall to discomfit the British Empire." "He learns that the War of 1812, that war of disaster on disaster, of defeat on defeat, was a triumph for the United States." And in addition to mendacious school histories, the American boy reads demoralizing books like Coffin's "Boys of '76." Fed on such literature, he grows up a man and believes "that if war broke out at sunrise, a million Americans would be in arms by sunset." Such books are dangerous politically, the *Times* thinks:

> It is not necessary to do our teaching so bluntly as Ambrose Bierce does when he speaks of the Revolution as won by "the coalition of European Powers commonly known in American history as the valor of our forefathers," but that phrase is not more untrue than the other conception, and vastly more perilous.

And this tone of amazing self-depreciation runs through all the oratory and literature of our patriotic preparedness. In what Mr. Gardner says, in what Major-Gen. Wood says, in the outpourings of the security leagues, and in the testimony of the "experts," there is this same assumption that there never was much virtue in American manhood and American effort, and if there was, it has all vanished. The older patriotism gave us the

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benefit of the doubt as against the foreign foeman. The newer patriotism concedes the game to the enemy from the first. If it is a question of the navy, we are sure to be beaten; if it is a question of our gunners, they are sure to miss the target; if it is a question of our guns at Sandy Hook or Panama, they are sure to be out-ranged or taken from the rear. And as for our untrained men in arms, they are sure to mutiny, desert, or run way. It is to be the test of patriotism to believe that everything we have been taught concerning the men of America, their courage, their physical capacity, their resourcefulness, their staying powers, and their devotion, is untrue.

We have had too much in the past of patriotic buncombe, though we doubt whether the flapdoodle of the Fourth of July orator is really the menace that the *Times* discerns. But what shall we say of this latter-day buncombe concerning a degenerate America and foreign armies trampling on our defenceless shores? Buncombe against buncombe, there is this much to be said for the earlier variety, that as a national habit, as a tradition, even if a false tradition, handed down from father to son, it took on reality from that very fact: call it delusion, but it was the kind of self-hypnotism, or auto-intoxication, under whose spell men in all ages have done great deeds. Whereas the new patriotism, with its insistent beating on the tom-toms of fear and ghosts in the night, has behind it the sanction neither of present-day facts nor of national experience.

"*WRITERS OF THE DAY.*"

Many think that this is an age of too much tumult and shouting in various branches of literature; and it is easy to conceive their feelings regarding one recent literary tendency—the multiplication of volumes of biographical criticism of living authors. The critical world used to be content to treat any contemporary, except the very greatest, in a review, essay, or "appreciation." It was part of its reverence for the highest names. But in our enterprise we have been led on till the last year alone has shown a portentous list of full-length studies. There have appeared books not only about authors of such undisputed and appraisable place as Kipling, Henry James, and Hardy, but about Wells, Conrad, Bennett, Yeats, Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton. It is impossible for even the approving to call them anything except journalism; and all but a few are frankly such in design. But their relation to literary modes is so close that scrutiny of their sincerity and wholesomeness is legitimate. Are such literary introspectiveness, such outbursts of mutual admiration, such blurring of critical perspectives, worth accepting for the popular interest in contemporary fashions of expression, or for the prompt recognition of literary talent and its achievement?

In so far as such books are purely informational, presenting facts of biography and literary history, they have their place. An evident motive in most is the sketching of the man behind the book. Björnson once unjustly said of Ibsen that he was "not a man—only a book." Whitman assured his "cameradoes" that whoever touched his poetry touched not verse, but a man. A keen public interest is naturally roused by the works of writers like Wells or Shaw or Conrad in the personality which produced them, and in the forces which helped produce that personality. As mere portraits of successful individualities, such books are as defensible as the lives of contemporary statesmen, inventors, or social leaders. The bibliographical knowledge they contain, their chat of books, publishers, and the general intercourse of literary life, are well enough. One objection does exist—an objection valid against the whole recent practice of imparting culture in capsule doses. A critic has mentioned seeing in a newspaper a series of 500-word summaries of great works of fiction, with the legend, "Why read novels?" A considerable portion of the buyers of the books we refer to are those who know that their subjects are frequent themes of polite conversation, and who wish to be able to talk intelligently of the authors without having read them. In the case of writers like Hardy and James, such short cuts to acquaintance are unfortunate.

Such writings, however, in dealing with literature, with invention, or with thought more or less memorably expressed, necessarily include critical elements; and these elements are vitiated by the want of the perspective which only time can give, by the writer's uncritical attitude, and by his consciousness of an undiscriminating audience. Of criticism worth while they can have little. The history of literature is full of the mistakes of the critics about their contemporaries, and of illustrations of the need of mellowing verdicts with time. Each decade thinks itself infallible, but laughs at some error of the preceding. And the volumes thus far issued show that, as none but enthusiasts are likely to undertake them, they tend to be over-written. The author of the recent volume on Henry James remarks that James is, in the writer's opinion, the greatest of living authors, and therefore the greatest of living men. Nearly all outstanding modern authors have their school of admirers. We are familiar with the cult of James in England, of Wells and Conrad in America. A good deal of the demand for these books is merely for a smartly alive but superficial treatment of literary currents. The pretence of critical thought and the use of sounding formulas are all that is needed to dress up a presentation of facts. The readers, imbued with a preliminary admiration for the author, will accept the judgments as giving final sanction to their own tastes. The net result, the diffusion of much bad information and false standards, does harm by affecting the public attitude towards really great literature.

Probably the best criticism of the living writers of any nation is that by men who look across an international boundary. Among the soundest judgments of recent British authors are those of Firmin Roz and Georg Brandes; among the soundest of French those of Edmund Gosse and Henry James. They are brief, their analysis is seldom disturbed by prejudice, and they make clear the comparative rank of different writers. It is not likely that, the fashion having been set, the number of the volumes we have been discussing will soon diminish. If they achieve greater moderation and a clearer recognition of their limitations, no one will strongly object to them. But they should not be issued as mere vents for the literary enthusiasms of a hurried writer, or as food for the passing literary whims of the public. Whenever they pass the bounds set for journalistic purveyors of literary information, they should step cautiously and offer their ideas with due qualification.

It is also a question what should be the bounds of even journalistic purveyors. Is every fact in the career of our contemporary writers worth noting? We know with what tenacity the imagination plays around the few happenings vouchsafed us from what must have been the crowded life of Shakespeare. The deer, the bed, and now the lawsuit have given excessive comfort to those in whose minds the record of human trifles passes for criticism. It is different, however, with our attitude towards the living, and the fact is of no great moment that a given author uses a typewriter with three shades of ink.

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Foreign Correspondence

PRINCES AND PARLIAMENT.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, January 27.

The next session of Parliament, opening in mid-February, will be occupied with carrying out a purpose defined by the Foreign Secretary in a passage in his speech of Wednesday, whose quiet determination, free from taint of the braggadocio that set the world a-laughing, adds immeasurably to its effect. "The whole of our resources are," he said, "engaged in the war. Our maximum effort, whether it be military, naval or financial, is at the disposal of our allies in carrying on this contest. With them we shall see it through to the end." That is the solemnly appointed, resolutely undertaken task of the coming Parliamentary session, and there is reasonable hope that the average duration of the term may see its accomplishment.

Since his accession King George, following the example of his father, has revived the practice, intermitted by Queen Victoria through long years of seclusion, of opening the parliamentary session in person, and it is hoped that he may have sufficiently recovered from his recent accident to inaugurate the forthcoming session. While still Prince of Wales he was an occasional visitor to the House of Commons when an important debate was to the fore. But Parliament had not the full measure of attraction for him that it held for Edward, Prince of Wales. In fulfilment of his duties as a Peer of Parliament H. R. H. was often to be seen at the corner of the Front Bench in the House of Lords. He was seated there on a memorable occasion when the late Lord Elcho, accustomed to address an entranced assembly from the corner of the bench immediately behind, in fine frenzy of eloquence brought his clenched fist plump on the crown of the hat of the Prince seated below.

In accordance with constitutional custom Prince Edward abstained from taking part in debate on Imperial policy or party topics. Nor did he, whether "content" or "not content," pass through the Division Lobby. But he devoted himself to furthering a piece of legislation which, after patient waiting, he lived to see added to the Statute Book. This was the measure legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister which he frequently introduced and carried through the House of Lords. Of the two Houses the Commons had the greater attraction for this always keenly interested student of human nature. During the white heat of the Home Rule struggle, which found reflection in all-night sittings and violent scenes, his genial presence was frequently observed in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery.

On one occasion Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar found him there with startling consequences. It was on a Wednesday afternoon in the spring of the second session of the Parliament that established Disraeli in the premiership. Mr. Chaplin, a buxom country squire whose face and figure were not unfamiliar at Newmarket and Epsom, had secured priority for a motion designed to encourage the breed of horses. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by a suite of peers, had come down to hear his old friend. Among occupants of the Diplomatic Gallery was the German Ambassador, whose successor has not been seen there of late. Questions disposed of, Mr. Chaplin rose, produced a sheaf of notes, smote himself on the chest with encouraging pat, and remarked, "Mr. Speaker." Simultaneously the House became conscious of another member below the Gangway on the opposite benches, who was also endeavoring to catch the Speaker's eye. It was Mr. Biggar. A shrill voice was heard exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker, I believe there are strangers in the House."

A hush fell on the crowded assembly broken by an angry burst of vituperation. The Speaker was hide-bound by musty Standing Orders. One required him upon notice of the presence of strangers being taken by a single member, however personally insignificant, to order the galleries to be cleared. The mandate was accordingly issued and the Prince of Wales, the German Ambassador, and a group of noble lords representing the bluest blood in Great Britain withdrew.

If it had been possible that such an incident could be brought about in the Reichstag at the expense of the Crown Prince, who is the Kaiser of to-day, Herr Biggar would doubtless have been promptly made acquainted with the amenities of life in a fortress. The Kaiser, as his outbreaks in speech and letters testify before and since the war, is fatally devoid of sense of humor. King Edward bubbled over with it. So far from resenting the characteristic freak of the member for Cavan, he thoroughly enjoyed it and thereafter during his visits to the Gallery, finding him on his legs—a not unusual attitude—he paid him marked personal attention.

Up to the present time neither Lords nor Commons have in their corporate capacity had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the present Prince of Wales. He has not as yet taken his seat among the former, for which, as Duke of Cornwall, he is qualified. He has found service at the front more attractive. With hereditary interest in public affairs of multiform order, it is probable that before the new session is far advanced he will take the Oath and his seat. The latter will of course be found where, through long years, his grandfather had sat, and where for a much briefer term of probation his father was occasionally seen. There was a period some thirty years ago when Royal Dukes, brothers and uncles of Edward, Prince of Wales, mustered in numbers sufficient to fill the Front Cross Bench. The late Duke of Cambridge was in constant attendance, and when topics relating to the War Office came up in debate was accustomed to address the House in bluff, soldierly fashion. Military associations were preserved by the selection by Lord Roberts of a seat in this quarter. While it has the advantage of a commanding position so far as the audience is concerned, it is counterbalanced by the necessity of the speaker turning his back on the Press Gallery. Under the most favorable circumstances of position and voice it is difficult for chroniclers of debate in the Lords to follow the full course of an ordered speech.

When Lord Rosebery entered upon the ever-regrettable course of ploughing his lonely furrow he several times addressed the House from the Cross Benches. Probably recognizing the consequent risk of being ill or inadequately reported, he moved down to the Front Opposition Bench, temporarily renewing his companionship with sorrowing ex-colleagues. There he found the contiguity of the Table useful to thump by way of emphasis, an advantage which Lord Halsbury, on one occasion following him in debate, lamented did not pertain to the Woolsack. In the main this cluster of benches standing athwart the House below the Gangway is frequented by statesmen free from partisan prejudice, possessed of what the late Lord Granville once called the Cross Bench mind. Among these the young Duke of Cornwall will presently take his place.

CHRISTMAS IN ATHENS.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, January 10.

To see something of Christmas Eve in Athens (which is January 6 of our calendar) I took my way, between eight and nine at night, along the broad Rue d'Athènes to the marketplace. Few people are wearing overcoats. Not merely the booths in the market, but all the surrounding shops are open, without windows. The places that are most crowded, where most business is being done, are the shops in which the different varieties of cheese and olives are sold, which, with the excellent bread, are the main staples of life in Greece. Those who know only of sheep as producing wool and butcher's meat would be surprised at the variety of delicious and wholesome cheeses made from their milk. In the crowded shop which I enter, on the marble shelves and slab running along the wall behind, are the fresh white cheeses and the more solid hard yellow ones that retain all their quality with age. The goats' milk produces the harder cheese used grated with macaroni.

Of the variety of olives the most esteemed and the dearest are the ripe Kalamon. Yet for three cents you can get enough for a meal. I have watched at the Port of the Piræus splendid examples of manhood, who have spent the morning hours hoisting and swinging great sacks of wheat and carrying them on their backs down or up the plank barefooted, from ship or barge to the wharf, and then at noon have made their meal cheerfully of bread, sheeps' cheese, and olives.

At and around the market, as might be expected, the fruit shops make a great display: oranges—the small mandarin, a favorite; lemons, which have a large sale, as they are served at every meal; citrons; almonds, walnuts, and other nuts. There is a sad lack of apples, many dealers not having them. I found some very small, greenish-yellow in color, with red stripes. I was handed one for ten lepta, a penny, and on my protesting received another very small one. These apples are grown on Greek soil near Volo. They are good in taste but their price is out of all proportion to the other fruit sold. If it pays to export American and Canadian apples to South Africa, there ought to be an opening here for apples as well as for the splendid American wheat that I saw unloading from a Greek steamer at the Piræus direct from New York.

Because it is Christmas Eve most of the entrances of the shops and booths are decorated with an arch made of two great fronds of the palm tree, twelve and fourteen feet in length, and long ribbons of wax paper in happy combinations of color. A day or two before, I had noticed the small donkeys com-

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ing in from the outlying districts and almost concealed by the pine shrubs used as Christmas trees and for decorations.

The butchers' shops have a much larger display of meat than usual, and it is only in this—the slaughter of very young milk lambs—that the Greeks might be taxed with wastefulness. Roasted to the right point, such food might cause a vegetarian to backslide from his faith. For strength to renounce another time such temptation, he would have to read anew Pythagoras's plea for animal life and his denunciation of man and his appetite as the worst of the beasts of prey. "Thou slay'st the lamb that looks thee in the face."

Most attractive are the open cook-shops, very similar to the one I saw recently unearthed at Pompeii, with their range of big copper saucepans and charcoal furnaces underneath—though gas is now superseding charcoal as fuel. The cook will lift the different covers for you; there are spinach and rice cooked together, bean soup, different varieties of beans with flavoring of herbs and pure olive oil, potatoes cooked with some excellent sauce, macaroni, and twice a week a good fish soup, roast meats and fried fish. It is a pity that America, so generous in her gifts from her own soil, has no such restaurants. A man of George Bernard Shaw's tastes can get here for ten or twelve cents a wholesome, nourishing meal. A half or quarter fresh lemon is served with every plate. Then there are the excellent natural country wines, as well as the resinous variety, to whose novel taste the stranger must accustom himself to find out how wholesome it is. Small as is the price of wine, the majority of the workers seem to drink water, living with austere economy and sobriety, according to their means.

The music heard on Christmas Eve in the streets or cafés or entry to the cook-shops is Oriental, a strange relic of past Turkish dominion. An empty earthenware jar is slung over a boy's shoulder; it is covered at the top with the dried skin of a sheep's or pig's bladder. He drums on it with the fingers of the two hands, and there being no bottom to the jar, its shape gives its resonance. The other boy strikes a triangle. The musical metallic sound of the one and the muffled sound of the other, accompanying the chant of their young voices, make the quaintest impression. One is back in Andersen's land of enchantment with little Gerda in the Garden of Flowers, listening to the Tiger-lily's story, "Do you hear the drum?"

The morning preceding had been sombred by meeting two young Servians, splendid boys in the early twenties, born soldiers now without leaders, penniless, and at that moment hungry. We had sat down together and eaten yiaourti (curded milk) and bread, and afterwards, over the little cups of Turkish coffee, one of them, Velyco Dvinyakovitch, told me his story. He was one of six brothers all in the Servian army. The only one, a younger brother, who, owing to his delicate health, had not been on active service, but employed in the war department, accompanied him. In appearance Velyco might have been a law or medical student at Harvard—by his physical build belonging to the football team. Before the war he had been following the course of civil engineering at the Belgrade University, and belonged to the regiment composed of students.

At the outbreak of the great war, therefore, he was able to take his place in the army with the grade of sergeant. On November 17, 1914, at the time when the Servians were driving the Austrian invaders from their soil, he was wounded by shrapnel. He was conveyed to the military hospital, only to contract typhus fever; his youth and strength carried him through, but a further operation was necessary on the bones of the ankle while he was still convalescing from the fever. As soon as his strength had sufficiently returned, he rejoined the depot of military headquarters, superintending the repair of mitrailleuses taken from the Austrians. He then joined the aviation corps and in a short time belonged to the active Escadrille des Aéroplanes, taking flights over Semlin and the enemy's lines, using both camera and sketch book. His work continued up to the last moment. When the Servian army was finally overwhelmed by the combined forces of the invaders, with his younger brother he crossed the Greek frontier and reached Salonica. What had become of his other four brothers, he could not say. The eldest, captain in a line regiment, had been wounded seven times; the second, a captain in a cavalry regiment, had been wounded in a rear-guard action near Nitsch when the Bulgarians, taking the Servians in the flank, obliged them to retreat; the third brother, in the artillery, had already been twice wounded in the war with Turkey; the fourth was the speaker, sergeant in the Servian squadron of aeroplanes, wounded near Belgrade; he carried the duly attested papers. The fifth brother was a sergeant in the Servian Red Cross. The sixth, the youngest, Brancko by name, accompanied him. Two days later the Servian legation gave the two brothers the means to reach Paris, via the Piræus and Naples.

A CRISIS OF HUMANITY—THE SECRET OF THE MASSES.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, January 30.

On his return to France, Guglielmo Ferrero has delivered his message, *L'Opinion* January 22:

"This is a crisis of humanity: The technical and military problems which this war presents are meagre in comparison with those which the return of peace will force on us. We ought to begin now to reflect on the future peace when everything shall be called in question in a renewed world. All suppositions are equally plausible and equally uncertain, for everything will depend on the impression which the cataclysm that has been let loose will leave behind it on the masses. On the impression which the masses keep will depend the world's future."

A year ago, before Italy had yet taken her side in the universal war, the historian of ancient Rome spoke his grave warning at the Sorbonne: "All we children of Greece and Rome must ask ourselves if we can afford to leave France alone to the end at the terrible and glorious task whence the genius of our race shall come forth renewing its youth." Now, after a year more of war, it is not merely a race, but humanity itself which preoccupies him. We who, with English liberty, have inherited the English habit of letting progress and civilization "muddle along," may refuse to be impressed.

> So let the wide world wag along as it will,
> I'll be gay and happy still!

Unhappily, the world will wag us along with itself. It is better we should hurt our heads thinking about it now than be subjected then to others who have made up their minds. Americans may not be called on to settle the world's peace, but surely we shall have to share the definitive impression which the masses will keep and on which the world's future will depend. We are already reaching out to a wide Pan-Americanism—

> No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours.

Yet, narrow ourselves as we may by some Monroe Doctrine, we cannot help moving with the earth, even after having left France alone at the terrible, glorious task.

"Shall the war bring to us a reaction against the thirst for riches and the fury of old materialist appetites, or, on the contrary, will it only sharpen them? And shall a great pacifist and internationalist current begin to rise or will the war simply have driven Nationalists back on themselves?" These are Signor Ferrero's questions.

For our own part, we may well add: Shall the Americanism whose first triumph was the dawn of a great light for civilization wane henceforth before some new and more aggressive Zeitgeist? William Henry Channing, who saw visions in the community of Brook Farm where primitive Americanism was pushed to the point of exasperation, thought he had discovered that civilization has a way of moving spirally. Are we to be narrowly localized in the receding curve?

No doubt the average American feels a certain impatience when he hears talk of progress and civilization. The average German by insisting aggressively on his own Kultur has now forced the issue—for America quite as much as for France. An inevitable lesson of things is being imposed on us. It is worth the effort to square our American ideals—those which have worked—with the conceptions of "Latins" like Ferrero.

Tocqueville's ideas about early American democracy have stood the test of time. He recognized that democracy in some form was bound to become the rule of the civilized world. Not a century has passed and the power which is making war to realize its "hegemony" in Europe, if not in the world, has its strength from anti-democratic institutions. In the *Berliner Tageblatt* of January 3 of this year Theodor Wolff urges that the time has come for the German Empire to swing into line with the parliamentary institutions of Europe and frankly confesses that the Empire's central power—Prussia—is "the stronghold of a spirit which no longer exists in the democratic world around it."

On the 24th of the same month the Italian Minister Barzilai explained with authority Italy's action in this war: "Italy could not bear to look heedlessly and inertly on at the conflict which is going to decide the fate of the world; and she has taken her post of action in the league formed to oppose the devastating rage of German Militarism and to deliver European liberty from the nightmare of perpetual menace."

In such a crisis of humanity, it would be strange indeed that Prussian militarism should not be recognized by all as the born enemy of Americanism. But Tocqueville had

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noticed something more which has formed the subject of edifying theses at the Johns Hopkins University, even if it has dropped into oblivion elsewhere. It is the essential difference of American democracy—the initiative of its political activity is from below up and not from above down.

With the town-meeting begins that Federalism in which President Eliot sees a safeguard of liberty if it can be realized in the government of the civilized world after this dissolving war. There have been many federations of towns and states, just as there have been many Governments "of" the people "for" the people, without always being "by" the people. The German *Sozial-Demokratie*, as Emile Vandevelde has just remarked, has swallowed Prussian militarism whole and entire and, if it ruled, could have little in common either with the socialism or with the democracy of other countries. Between it and Americanism there was from all time a great gulf fixed.

We may get back to Ferrero, who is talking of Humanity and not of Americanism, by remembering that the primitive American ideal was certainly not limited to the material prosperity of the community. Aristotle's end and aim of government in human affairs is not, as too often interpreted, "well-being," but "well-living," that is, a better human life for the members of the community who spontaneously unite in the town-meetings and so on up to the States and then—the Union for ever! Washington insisted that Americans had not been fighting for an "efficient," but for a "free" government, in which citizens should be human and not parts of a machine.

To this Ferrero has come: "One of the phenomena which will strike most the future historian is the universal admiration which Germany enjoyed up to the loosening of the scourge. It will be a grave and difficult problem to solve—to explain why Europe and America could so deceive themselves as to take for a model, as *the* model, the people which was preparing this frightful catastrophe amid the world's confiding torpor and admiration.

"It is certain that Germany, more than any other people of Europe, was pursuing that new ideal of life which makes progress consist in the increasing production of riches, in the perfection of mechanism, in the completer enslavement of natural forces to the desires of men. This ideal, I believe, should be called 'quantitative' and Germany was its author. She realized magnificently her gospel of force; she was the country which had most developed her industrial production, her economic expansion, her railways and sea transports, and her population. There is no doubt that she was so much admired for the sole reason that whatever can be measured by figures increased so strongly with her.

"How the world forgot the old 'qualitative' ideal of society, in which men no doubt sought after riches and well-being, yet subordinated to preoccupation of taste and morality and religion their desire to enjoy life and their liking for strength! Hypnotized by the growth of German material riches, the world did not see that pride and ambition and covetousness were also growing in Germany—until they brought on this war.

"From this point of view, the struggle between Germany and France is somehow a symbol which will strike future generations. For France has known how to keep more faithfully and personifies better than any other nation the noble 'qualitative' ideal inherited from old times. This present struggle sets against each other the two forms of civilization. And it is far more than the antagonism of two forces, the shock of two violences—it is the first crisis of a civilization, a crisis of humanity.

"The life of the last twenty years, in spite of occasional wars, could not have prepared less for present suffering and horrors the numberless peoples which they now touch—forget it not—in their entirety. No age, no social condition, no sentiment, no religion is spared. For example, how are the masses going to judge science? Suddenly there has been an eclipse of its well-doing and it is no longer anything but the fearful servant of destruction and death. And this hateful and terrible use of it is peculiar to the country where modern civilization was thought to have reached its highest point.

"After my journey in America, when I had already long studied ancient civilization, I had an intuition that a grave crisis threatened the world from the shock of the two forms of civilization. How can we wonder at the reflection of a young wounded soldier, brave but uncultivated: 'No true civilization uses means like that!'

"Unconsciously," concludes Signor Ferrero for us all, "he was skirting the abyss of meditations."

The Shifting Administration

MR. WILSON'S CHANGES ON PREPAREDNESS, THE TARIFF COMMISSION, AND OTHER POLICIES.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

WASHINGTON, February 12.

The dramatic resignation of Secretary Garrison and his immediate flight from the city removed from President Wilson's Cabinet its most striking personality. While not as sensational as the retirement of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Garrison's withdrawal has already had some important political results and may have still greater ones. It was the fifth time that Mr. Garrison had sought to leave the Cabinet. From the beginning of his official life the embarrassments of office have not appealed to the ex-Secretary of War. He has been irked by many of its restrictions, has shown that his ardent, impulsive temperament was not one to be linked up readily with one as cold and undemonstrative as that of Mr. Wilson, and he means what he says when he declares that he will not be brought back into public life under any circumstances. But he takes with him from Washington the respect of every one; even those who have looked upon his ambitious military programme as a menace to the Republic gladly concede his ability, his sincerity, his uncompromising devotion to what he considers the right. He has been a hard and brilliant, but also a fair and straightforward, fighter, and when he found that the President who had promised to stand by him was weakening and beginning to talk compromise, it was more than the Secretary of War could endure.

The whole incident illustrates an unhappy phase of the Wilson Administration and of Mr. Wilson himself. It is a fact that Mr. Wilson hardly ever sent for Mr. Garrison save to consult with him as to routine departmental matters. He did not always do that; for in 1914 we had the unusual spectacle of the Secretary of War advocating in his report a policy totally different from that recommended by the President in his message to Congress. This failure to cooperate with his subordinates is the most deplorable characteristic of Mr. Wilson's administration of national affairs. He likes to play a lone hand, and it is a rare thing for him to send for any one for a friendly exchange of views. In the days between the sinking of the Lusitania and his first action relating thereto, he kept himself quite secluded, receiving notes and suggestions from a few of the Cabinet officers, holding telephone conversations with some, but such a thing as asking them to drop in for an immediate interchange of ideas did not occur to Mr. Wilson.

When the Governor of Utah asked to see him one day last autumn, he could not get an audience, not even for a moment, although Governors have heretofore always been received at the White House as a matter of course. A few weeks thereafter the President found himself appealing to this same Governor on behalf of a man who was to be put to death, and discovered that the Governor would not grant what he asked, so that Washington wonders whether there was possibly some connection between the two happenings. It seems with Mr. Wilson to be a desire for intellectual isolation, a selfishness as to his own self, which has done much to bring his Administration into troubled waters, and to alienate many who ought to be his enthusiastic supporters. Once an excellent football coach himself, the President has forgotten entirely the value of team-play, so that there has probably never been an Administration in Washington, certainly not in recent times, in which the minor officials have been as deprived of the counsel and inspiration of the leader. They have seen him, but many have not really met him. Mr. Wilson does not feel that it is incumbent upon him to kindle enthusiasm for his causes in younger men for the sake of the future of those causes—in which respect he is the very opposite to Mr. Roosevelt.

The difficulties into which Mr. Wilson has strayed in connection with his programme of preparedness is but another example of this defect in his leadership. Even those who believe in his attitude on preparedness admit freely that the manner in which the President came to it was all wrong. He decided in September last completely to reverse his policy of December, 1914, after consulting with the two or three men who are his close advisers—Mr. Tumulty, Col. House, and, in this case it is said, Thomas Pence, the secretary of the Democratic National Committee. The Cabinet was not consulted by him, either as a whole or individually, until the plunge was taken. There was no

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sending for a group of party leaders and consulting with them as to whether the party should thus reverse its historic position in the matter of armaments. Mr. Wilson decided to flop, and that settled it. When the rumor got abroad that the President was shifting his ground, a group of some thirty persons, representing various important organizations, sought an interview with him to present their views. They were refused a hearing. Mr. Wilson had made up his mind, and did not wish to hear those who differed from him. His change of front split his party in Congress, and spread far-reaching suspicions as to his sincerity; he has generally led so badly that, at this writing, it is quite possible that the Republicans will completely out-trump him in this matter of national defence.

This constant shifting of his ground since the beginning of the campaign for renomination has destroyed the faith of a good many in the President. In December, 1914, he is against any radical programme for arming; in December, 1915, he is for it, but tells Congress "that we are threatened from no direction" and that there is nothing in our foreign relations really to cause anxiety. In January, less than two months later, he tells the people that our foreign relations are so critical that a single spark from the conflagration abroad may spread the flames throughout our country. At Cleveland, on January 29, he declared himself thus: "I do not wish to hurry the Congress of the United States. These things are too important to put through without very thorough sifting and debate. . . ." At St. Louis, six days later, where he talked himself into the belief that this country should be immediately committed to the policy of a navy "incomparably greater" than that of any other, he said also, "Speaking with all solemnity, I assure you that there is not a day to be lost . . . this month should not go by without something decisive being done by the people of the United States by way of preparation of the arms of self-vindication and defence."

In January, 1915, in his Indianapolis speech, he denounced the proposal for a Tariff Commission as a needless waste of funds; in September, 1915, he again scored it in a letter to an ex-Governor of Ohio; in January, 1916, he suddenly decided that, because of the war in Europe, this fifth-wheel commission, which was so unnecessary, had now become quite necessary. During and after his Presidential campaign, he would have nothing whatever to do with Tammany Hall or any of its workers; on one occasion, so it is said, he kept a large dinner waiting for some time because he wished the assurance that no Tammany man would be seated within fifty feet of him. In January, 1916, he surrendered to Tammany Hall and consented to nominate an unfit person for the position of Postmaster of New York, a man of the familiar type of the persistent Tammany office-seeker, being deterred therefrom, after the commission awaited only his signature, by the outspoken opposition of the New York *Times*, *World*, and *Evening Post*. There is a well-founded rumor afloat in Congressional circles as to the existence of a letter which goes far towards reversing his position in the matter of a protective tariff. A year ago the President was aflame for the national Presidential primary: it must be put through at any cost. To-day the Presidential primary is forgotten. Last year the President advocated a bill providing for Government ownership of merchant vessels as a *sine qua non* for the rehabilitation of our merchant marine; to-day it is asserted that the new Administration bill for the leasing of Government-built vessels is really a much better way out, and a necessary adjunct to our programme of national defence, besides being the economic cure-all for our problems of transportation by sea.

As for the programme of preparedness itself, it is in my judgment the biggest humbug perpetrated upon the American people since the Free Silver agitation, for the reason that it offers no real preparedness save as to the navy, and that will be postponed for years. It savors of false pretences to try to make the American people think that if Congress only hurries up and does something in the next two weeks, they will therefore be additionally protected at the close of this war or in the event of immediate hostilities. The continental army was to have been raised in three years; any scheme for improving the militia will take as long. Whether it will be effective or not from the military point of view no one knows. The only certain thing is that there is being built up a powerful military-political machine, which, being well organized in forty-eight States, will probably win many another Congressional victory in addition to its defeat of the continental army—against which every officer and private of the Virginia troops is said to have written to Chairman Hay.

As for the regular army, it is gravely weakened by long-standing abuses. Its regiments, with rare exceptions, do not compare with those of European armies. It has long been ruled by personal and political favoritism—less so under Mr. Wilson than heretofore. Its organization is wasteful and inefficient to a degree; as the regiments are constituted, they cannot be adequately drilled for the field. The true military spirit is largely lacking—nowhere more so than at West Point. In general, officers cannot advance themselves by real *military* efficiency (they can by *non-military* service, such as canal-building, tropical sanitation, etc.). Yet the gullible American people are asked to believe that the adding of 41,000 regulars, *without the remedying of a single defect in the present inefficient system*, will give additional security! It will merely add a new superstructure to an antiquated, in part rotten, foundation. When did mere numbers ever connote military efficiency?

As for the naval programme, the simple fact that the ships authorized last winter have not yet been begun (the two battleships to be built at San Francisco and New York will not be started until four or five months hence, that is, seventeen months after they were voted) tells the tale. Whether the new programme goes through in February or May, the first capital ships authorized under it will probably not be in commission within *four years*. Obviously, they will bear no relation to our situation at the end of the war, unless it lasts four years. If we are to drift into war now with Germany, they will be of no more value to us than if not voted. But this is only the first increment of the wicked five-year programme proposed; the last will not be ready for ten or eleven years. I say "wicked" because, if agreed to, this five-year programme will be the greatest stumbling block to world-wide disarmament after the war; its later increments will probably come into being from three to eight years after the close of the war—with what effect upon the British determination to have at any cost the mastery of the seas? The British publicist who has done about the sanest writing in England on this war tells me that, in his judgment, if we should follow the President's wish for "incomparably the greatest" fleet, it will mean war between his country and ours within ten years.

Finally, the President inveighs against army experts. He would have no large standing army because of the inevitable tendency of experts to put their special knowledge to use. But he sees no objection to increasing largely the naval experts. Yet they are more dangerous to the peace of the nation than the army men, because they are constantly in contact with foreign nations, and are therefore the more likely to embroil us, as witness Tampico and Vera Cruz.

At this writing, the House is for a small increase in the regular army and the complete reorganization of the militia. If its members voted as they talk in the cloakrooms, there would be no greater naval increase than last year, and not an additional regular soldier. The Senate is far more belligerently inclined, and will urge more soldiers, sailors, and ships than the House will consent to. Some legislation will, of course, be passed; already there are signs of a compromise between the Democratic insurgents and their party associates, who are for one reason or another falling into line with the President—against their real desires. If Mr. Kitchin's followers should hold the increase of the navy down to that of last year and kill the five-year programme, they would feel that they had achieved a splendid victory.

But whatever the final outcome of the conflict between the two houses and the final battling in the conference committee, the judicious must certainly grieve over the position which Woodrow Wilson occupies to-day. He stood so splendidly last summer in the negotiations with Germany; he worked so admirably to keep us out of war as to merit the admiration of the entire people. As a result, in September he was at the

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high-water mark of popularity, for he certainly had laid American citizens under lasting obligation by his coolness, calmness, and brilliant handling of the Lusitania crisis. Perhaps we shall have to wait many years for an historian to set forth exactly why he suffered so sudden a sea-change with the assembling of Congress and the drawing near of the campaign for reëlection. Perhaps the reason lies close at hand.

Notes from the Capital

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS.

Nearly every reviewer of the new biography of Lord Strathcona has laid most stress upon what that statesman accomplished after he had passed the customary age limit of activity. A wonder quite as great in its way is the daily spectacle of Henry Gassaway Davis, once Democratic candidate for Vice-President, mounting his horse for a spin over the country roads. The animal is sixteen and one-half hands high, bred of the best Kentucky stock, with all that that means in spirit, in strength, and self-will. Any of Mr. Davis's neighbors who has passed fifty-five, and not a few who are younger, would have to climb into the saddle—if they ventured to ride such a horse at all; but he, though well on the way to ninety-three, lifts his whole weight on his left leg, and swings his right into place with almost the agility of a college athlete.

Ninety-three next birthday, yet with all the faculties and most of the powers of his prime still in good working order! And this in spite of a youth devoted to the hard labor and constant exposure of an old-time railway brakeman, a middle manhood spent with nose to grindstone while transforming a rough mountain wilderness into a human beehive, and an advanced age passed largely in finishing projects set going long before. The secret of his preservation undoubtedly lies in his abstention from excesses. On his physical side he has lived in moderation, with an abundance of open-air exercise; and he has never allowed his mental operations to be thrown out of balance by excitement, either undue exhilaration or undue disappointment.

Comparing the life of this nonogenarian with that of a Strathcona or a Fabre, it seems insignificant, for Mr. Davis is neither a statesman nor a scientist. Nevertheless, his services to mankind have been by no means inconsiderable. They began while he was still in the railway business, for he is credited with having been the first man to propose running trains at night. Till then they had been laid over after dusk, wherever they might be, to await the dawn. He broached his views to the president of the Baltimore & Ohio system, and received permission to experiment with a train which should leave Cumberland for Baltimore at a certain hour one evening and take its chances of ever reaching its destination. The local fame he achieved by the success of this daredevil expedition enabled him to throw up his employment by the railway and settle down in West Virginia as a coal dealer. Here he bought a small mining property for himself, and opened a savings bank for the convenience of the people drawn into the Piedmont district by the new industry. Every dollar he earned he put back into coal lands, till he had accumulated an acreage which made him practically a dictator in the trade of the region.

Before leaving the railway he had risen by gradual promotion to a conductorship, and it chanced that a frequent traveller over his line was Henry Clay, who used to talk to him about national politics. So, when his neighbors decided to send him to the State Legislature and the Legislature in its turn elected him United States Senator, he was equipped with a useful knowledge of the issues in dispute between the parties. But, with all his intelligence, he has always lacked the gift of expressing himself on his feet. Whatever he has had time to write, he could put into direct and logical form; as soon, however, as he has attempted to make an extemporaneous speech, he has seemed to lose his facility.

One funny experience in the Senate illustrates the force of early association. The chamber was in the midst of a prolonged and dreary debate, and Davis, tired out with night sessions, fell into a doze. Suddenly Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, having made copious drafts on the Senate snuff-box, blew into his big bandanna handkerchief two short, quick, toots. Instantly Davis was on his feet, with both hands grasping the sides of his desk, and struggling for dear life to "down brakes" in response to the signal he had learned to obey automatically in his youth.

Stephen B. Elkins, his son-in-law, was for years obliged, as a Republican party leader, to oppose him in political campaigns. Davis, however, with the ever-vigilant foresight which distinguished him in business, had taken pains to train his grandchildren in his own partisan faith; and it used to delight the neighbors when the little Elkins boys organized their playmates into torchlight processions, and paraded on summer nights past their father's house, hurrahing lustily for the Democratic candidates.

Family ties are very strong with Mr. Davis, and he passes his winters in Washington with Mrs. Elkins and her household. He is here now, and probably the Democratic campaign managers are already figuring on the size of his contribution for 1916. Will their expectations fare as Tom Taggart's did once when he came on a begging errand to the old gentleman, then far beyond the "allotted age"? Taggart began by complimenting him on his excellent health and strength.

"Oh, yes," assented Davis. "I'm doing pretty well for a man whom the almanac places at eighty-one."

"At eighty-one!" exclaimed Taggart, with a dramatic outburst of astonishment. "Why, Mr. Davis, you can't make me believe you are more than forty-five."

"Well," said Davis dryly, "let's come to business. How much do you want?"

"The other big men in the party," replied Taggart, "realizing that this is a mighty important fight, are assessing themselves at the rate of two thousand dollars for every year they have lived. That would let you in for, say, one hundred and sixty-two——"

"Hold on!" interrupted the patriarch. "Twice forty-five is only ninety. Stick to your own figures, Mr. Taggart—stick to your own figures!"

TATTLER.

American-Made Law

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

Mr. Robert Bacon, our former Ambassador to France, addressed the Pan-American delegates recently while they were visiting Harvard University, and congratulated them above all else on the establishment of the American Institute of International Law. It is perhaps worth recalling that the first official efforts to establish this Institute were made almost exactly ninety years ago, and also that these efforts found their most zealous supporters among the Latin-Americans.

The United States recognized the independence of the former Spanish colonies on March 8, 1822. Immediately the fiery and imaginative brain of Simon Bolivar caught the vision of a Pan-American congress, to be held on the Isthmus of Panama, the common meeting ground of both continents. More than three years later, Bolivar's plans were perfected, and on November 2, 1825, Mr. Salazar, the successor to Manuel Torres as Colombian Minister to the United States, invited the United States "in the name of Colombia to a Congress, the mere assembling of which will increase the political importance of America."

"At Panama," wrote Salazar, "the best and most opportune occasion is offered to the United States to fix some principles of international law, the unsettled state of which has caused much evil to humanity."

This, so far as I know, is the first official proposal for the establishment of a congress or institute with the distinctive object of creating an American system of international law. It is deserving of high honor not only as forecasting our actions of to-day, but also, it seems to me, as an example of unsurpassed American statesmanship. More's the pity if Mr. Salazar's proposal has received practical consideration only after a lapse of ninety lean years.

This invitation from Colombia was accompanied by invitations from Mexico and Central America, and, in fact, marked the last stage in a series of illuminating negotiations. I say illuminating advisedly, for I realize that in this matter, as well as in the broader doctrine of Pan-Americanism, we of the North are apt to take far too much credit to ourselves. We are singularly prone to suggest to the Latin-Americans as new theories the very projects they have been urging upon us for a long series of years.

In this particular case, Colombia's proposal was foreshadowed in a series of three treaties concluded between Colombia and the new states of Chili, Peru, and Central America, respectively. Of these three compacts "of union, league, and federation," the first to be signed, that with Chili, may be taken as typical. It was in part a military convention directed against the power of Spain; but with rare constructiveness for countries that had never practiced the arts of democracy, it contained also two important articles which looked far to the future.

Article 14 provided that "a general assembly of the American States shall be convened" to serve as "a council in the great conflict" and "as an umpire and conciliator in their disputes and differences." Then, manifesting the same caution which built up a doctrine of states' rights in our own country, the treaty

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adds that "this compact of union, league, and federation shall in no wise interrupt the exercise of the national sovereignty of each of the contracting parties, as well as to what regards their laws and the establishment and form of their respective governments as to what regards their relations with other foreign nations."

The wording of this treaty is singularly characteristic of that crisp Latin logic which we are in the habit of overlooking in most of our dealings with the South Americans. I learned in the course of conversations with delegates to the Scientific Congress that they have been exceptionally well satisfied with our past policy of non-intervention in Mexico. This is in strict conformity with the spirit of the early interstate treaties I have quoted. On the other hand, the same desire for an "umpire and conciliator" shows itself to-day in the constant readiness of Latin-Americans to adopt any feasible plan for concerted American action. It is in their blood to cherish local self-government and international conference as two equally valuable and essential aids to peace and progress. And I am inclined to interpret their attitude as a recognition of a very sound principle, namely, that local self-government is above all a right, but that international conference is a duty imposed by the very possession of self-government.

While the last of these inter-American treaties was being signed, the United States itself was giving a new impetus to American international law, and likewise a new direction, by concluding a treaty of its own with Colombia. This treaty was submitted to the Senate for ratification in February, 1825. Among the array of documents submitted along with it was a letter from our Minister to Colombia, R. C. Anderson, in which he described his share in drawing up the terms of agreement.

He insisted above all, he says, upon the doctrine, then quite novel, that "free ships make free goods." This doctrine, if universally recognized to-day, would have a profound influence on the course of the European war. Certainly in 1825 it was so out of keeping with the doctrines long instilled by the Holy Alliance that Mr. Anderson was obliged to use every persuasive art to gain Colombia's sanction for it. At last he had to resort to an appeal which would have caused some consternation among the republic-hating monarchs of that day, had they known anything at all about it.

Mr. Anderson quotes himself as saying to the Colombian Minister of Foreign Affairs: "This is the first occasion on which a negotiation has ever been opened between the United States and any other sister republics; it is probably the first time at which this subject has been canvassed between American parties, and probably, too, also, it is the very first time at which it has ever been mentioned by the representatives of two nations whose governments were Republican and Free." This appeal prevailed.

We have cumulative evidence, then, of a deep-seated conviction that an American institute of international law was imperative for the well-being not only of America but of the world. In naïve terms, but with a penetrating foresight, these documents of ninety years ago set forth propositions in every essential parallel to those recently proclaimed by the Pan-American Scientific Congress. Ninety years have produced a great change in this respect alone, that they have tuned public opinion to a responsive pitch and have established as practical those ideals which the America of John Quincy Adams's day looked upon as visionary.

President Adams himself met strenuous opposition from the Senate before he could persuade that slow-moving body that he was justified in accepting the invitation to Panama. The Senate repeatedly asked for fresh details and information concerning not only the political condition of the Southern republics, but also the most minute details in the negotiations with the United States. The President acted with great patience, and submitted the scores of letters and State papers requested; but at last, in a special message to both houses of Congress, he summed up the objects of the Panama Mission with a masterly precision that won him his point. His words on the development of international law, I think, have by no means an obsolete ring to-day.

He said: "The consentaneous adoption of principles of maritime neutrality and favorable to the navigation of peace and commerce will also form a subject of consideration to this Congress. The doctrine that free ships make free goods, and the restrictions of reason upon the extent of blockades may be established by general agreement with far more ease and, perhaps, with less danger by the general agreement to adhere to them concerted at such a meeting, than by partial treaties with, or conventions with, each of the nations separately."

Correspondence

TURKS AND ARMENIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In its issue of December 16 the London *New Age* prints an article by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall on the "Armenian Atrocities," the contents of which may be summed up as follows: That the reports about the massacres are gross exaggerations, if not inventions; that the Armenians are themselves to blame for whatever reprisals the Turkish Government may have inflicted upon them; and, finally, that the Turk, as on similar occasions, is made the scapegoat of Christian fanaticism.

Every one must wish that Mr. Pickthall's explanation in regard to the reports—that they are belated stories of cases incidental to deportation of Armenians from the battling littoral—were true. Unfortunately, however, the report of the American Commission on Armenian Atrocities and that of Lord Bryce obliterate all vestige of hope for the best. Nothing more need be said on this point except that the use by Mr. Pickthall of such epithets as "malignant" in reference to the unfortunate Armenians neither adds any value to his explanation nor does it lessen the world's abhorrence for the atrocious deed of the "victimized" Young Turks.

A striking, I may say a startling, statement is Mr. Pickthall's assertion that of provocations in the two years previous to the war the Young Turks have had what no Government on earth would stand. Surely, a review of Turkish history in the last seven years would prove the reverse. None but the peoples in Turkey, at any rate none but the Armenians, could or would have stood what they endured of aggression at the hands of the Young Turks.

What are the facts? The Armenians had materially contributed to the overthrow of the old régime, and none were more enthusiastic over the new one. When the racial groups in Parliament combined to overthrow the Committee of Union and Progress, the Armenian group refused to join, notwithstanding incessant vexations, let alone massacres that always went unpunished. The bravery and loyalty of the Armenian soldier in the Turco-Balkan War were commended by Nazim Pasha, then Minister of War. All this is history. Finally, their reform movement of 1912, under Bogus Pasha Nubar and Artin Pasha, was a peaceful endeavor to solicit the signatories of the Berlin treaty of 1878 to induce Turkey (herself one of the signatories) to put into execution the article in that treaty guaranteeing reforms for Armenia.

How and by whom, then, have the Young Turks been provoked? Not by the Armenians, at any rate. No, the Armenian massacres are not due to provocation. Nor is the reason Moslem fanaticism. Behind it all is a long-cherished plan of the Young Turks—a policy whose object is the creation of a Turkified Moslem state. A critical analysis of their programme, adopted at the Salonica Congress in October, 1912, reveals not only the spirit, but also the essentials of the plan. This is no less an ambition than the Turkifying of the non-Turkish Moslem races and the elimination from Turkey, through enforced emigration and segregation, of its Christian peoples. With Europe at peace, this policy could not be executed, except in a modified form or in an underhand way. Europe being at war, the Young Turks feel that this is the opportune moment. Hence the Armenian massacres, in order to "consolidate" the Turkified Moslem state-to-be in case of victory, and to end once for all the Armenian question in case of defeat.

One more word need be said, to correct the erroneous interpretation of an incident to which Mr. Pickthall gave undue significance. Writes Mr. Pickthall: "The massacres at Adana in 1909 are ascribed to the Young Turks by Mr. Toynbee. . . . I was in Syria at the time, and fanatical emissaries landed at Tripoli, Beirut, and Jaffa with the same purpose with which they landed at Mersin, of preaching massacre of Christians. But they were arrested by the local Committee of Union and Progress and deported, which does not look as if the Young Turks were the instigators."

The error in this statement is the misinterpretation of the purpose of the fanatic emissaries. This was not to instigate massacres of Christians, but to extend to Syria the insurrectionary movement which had taken place in Constantinople a few days before (April, 1909). In fact, in the latter city itself—the headquarters of the Gumieh el-Mohammedieh, to which these emissaries belonged—no anti-Christian manifestations took place. The present writer was at the time a member of the Beirut Young Turk Club, and his information about this incident is direct.

This instance may be taken as an example of how erroneous interpretations of Turkish internal affairs are often made. Mr. Pickthall's generalizations in regard to the Arme-

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nians, as being "malignant," "vermin," and so on, may have been made on erroneous interpretations.

And apropos this must be said: Those who come to Turkey protected by the "capitulations," especially those whom Turkish officialdom has reasons to oblige, can very rarely fully grasp what Turkish misrule means; only those who feel its weight can know what it is. It is not the Turk, as such, whom his subjects dislike, but the Turk as a ruler. As a social companion he is very obliging, amiable, even charming, but this does not mean efficient rule or good government. The defenders of the "victimized" Turkish ruler—the target of the "fanaticism" of native Christians—have been in the majority of cases sentimentalists, or interested writers. No less an Occidental than Pierre Loti himself has fallen into the error of confusing the Turk, the ruler, and the Turk, the careless social companion. Now he admits his error—and has regretted it.

E. G. Tabet.

New York, January 20.

THE CHINESE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What the Peking *Gazette*, in a leading editorial, has designated as marking a date in the history of China took place in the new Wai Chiao Pu, or Foreign Office Building, on Sunday last, December 5. At a gathering, notable for the prominence of the persons present, was formally established the Chinese Social and Political Science Association. Several preliminary meetings had been held by a small group of men to whose initiative the organization of the Association was due. At this, the first formal meeting of the Association proper, the constitution which had been drafted was adopted, officers for the ensuing year elected, and the Association fairly launched by addresses delivered by the newly elected president and first vice-president.

The objects of the Association are stated by the constitution to be: "(1) The encouragement of the scientific study of law, politics, sociology, economics, and administration, and (2) the promotion of fellowship among men of similar interests." Provision is made for three classes of members: Endowment, life, and ordinary members. The fee for ordinary members is $3, gold, per annum; for life members $50, and for endowment members not less than $100. It is the intention to devote all payments received from the last two classes to the creation of a permanent endowment fund.

The officers elected for the first year were: President, Mr. Lu Cheng-Hsiang, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Acting Secretary of State; first vice-president, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, the American Minister to China; second vice-president, Mr. Tsao Ju-Lin, Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs; secretary, Mr. Wu Chao-Chu, Counsellor of the Department of Foreign affairs; treasurer, Mr. Chang Tsung-Yuan, Chairman of the Currency Commission and an ex-Vice-Minister of Finance. The government of the Association, subject to the superior authority of the Association in general meeting, is vested in an executive council composed of the officers of the Association and nine elected members.

The chief activity of the Association for the present will be the editing and publishing of a quarterly review. Immediately following the meeting of the Association a further meeting of the executive council was held at which the preliminary steps were taken for the publication of this periodical. Mr. Hanklin Yen was made managing editor and Mr. Y. T. Tsur, president of Tsing Hua College, business manager. These were instructed to prepare plans for the new review for consideration by the council at its next meeting. At this meeting also they were to nominate persons to act with them as associate editors. Judging from the general discussions, it is probable that the *Review* will be modelled closely on that of the American Political Science Association. It will contain departments for book reviews and notices and for personal notes and general news as well as contributed articles. An especial effort will be made to make the *Review* the means through which the members and others may follow current events in the field covered by the Association.

The Peking *Gazette* was fully justified in giving to this event the importance that it did. It is hardly necessary to say that China is at the present time passing through a great national crisis. That the immediate future will be one of great political activity is certain. In these years China will have to examine and evaluate every one of her social and political institutions. She will have to inform herself fully regarding the character, underlying principles, and results in practice of institutions of other lands, and, on the basis of the information so obtained, she will have to reach decisions regarding the nature of the institutions that shall serve her in her new life, that will determine her fate as a nation and a people. Autocratic in operation as is the present form of government, it is impossible for any one to spend any time in China without appreciating that that country is in the process of developing a public opinion and that this public opinion is slowly becoming a more and more important factor in all political determinations. It is of the utmost importance that this opinion should have effective means for expressing itself. If China needs one thing more than anything else, it is the scientific spirit—the desire to know the truth, an appreciation of the means through which this truth is to be established, and a willingness to make use of such means. The establishment of the Chinese Social and Political Science Association means the application of this scientific spirit to at least one great branch of human knowledge.

The organization of this association is significant from yet another standpoint, that of the returned student. The returned student, that is, the young man who has returned to China after six or eight years of study in a foreign land, is one of China's distinct problems. Great difficulty has been experienced in properly placing these men. They, on their part, in many cases, have found themselves out of touch with their own country. Suddenly cut off from their student associations and sources of information, they have tended to stop where they were, to do little in the way of making use of the knowledge that they have gained, to cease their studies and make no effective use of their special training. The Social and Political Science Association will furnish a rallying point for that large class of returned students who have specialized in the field of law, politics, and the social sciences. Through it they will be brought together and encouraged to give to China some return for the sacrifices that the latter has made for their education.

Though the active members of the Association will at the outset probably be drawn largely from the official class, the Association is in no way under the control or even the patronage of the Government. It is significant, however, that the Government has welcomed and given its endorsement to this important step.

To the United States the creation of this association is a matter of special interest for a number of reasons. In the first place, the Association frankly finds its inspiration in associations of a similar character in the United States. Particularly is it modelled upon the American Political Science Association. Secondly, Americans resident in China have taken a far more active interest in the formation of the new association than have the citizens of any other country. Among those present at the inaugural meeting and actively participating in the organization of the Association were: The American Minister, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch; Mr. Julian H. Arnold, the Commercial Attaché of the American Legation; Mr. C. S. Smith, the representative of the Associated Press at Peking; Dr. H. C. Adams and Prof. W. F. Willoughby, advisers to the Chinese Government. Appreciation of this active coöperation was shown by the election of Dr. Reinsch as first vice-president and Prof. Willoughby to the executive council. Finally, and most important of all, English was made the official language of the Association. Not only is English the language used at the meetings of the Association and the council, but all the publications of the Association will be in that language. It is generally understood, however, that as soon as circumstances will permit the issue of publications in Chinese will also be entered upon. For the present it is hoped to reach the general Chinese reading public through the reproduction of matter appearing in the *Review* in the local papers. The Association hopes that it will receive a large support from persons living outside of as well as resident in China. The address of the secretary, Mr. Wu Chao-Chu, is Foreign Office, Peking.

W. F. Willoughby.

Peking, China, December 11, 1915.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND BELGIUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his recently published book, entitled "The Pentecost of Calamity," on page 135, Mr. Owen Wister puts into the mouth of French and Belgian emissaries the words, "The University of Chicago stopped the mouth of a Belgian professor who was going to present Belgium's case." This statement has received such wide publicity in the British and Canadian publications, and it is so wholly unfounded in fact, that it seems desirable to enter protest against its further circulation. The writer has communicated with Mr. Wister, asking for an explanation, and has had no acknowledgment of his letter. Others of his colleagues have been more fortunate in procuring some reply from Mr. Wister's secretary, but no adequate explanation, much less any retraction.

Needless to say, under the organization common to American institutions of higher learning, the University as such cannot align itself on any issue of the kind represented by the present war. Meantime this institu-

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tion was, so far as I am aware, one of the first American universities to invite to a seat on its regular faculty a member of the faculty of the University of Louvain. The gentleman, Professor Van der Essen, came in October and was present as a lecturer at the University throughout the entire academic year of 1914-15. He bore himself with the greatest dignity and self-control, and was certainly never interfered with in any way by the University in expressing whatever views he chose regarding Belgium and its enemies. Moreover, the University has in the present year appointed Dr. Georges van Biesbroeck, of the Royal Observatory of Belgium, to a professorship at Yerkes Observatory, where he is at present at work. A course of this character hardly justifies the implication that the University has been indifferent to the case of Belgium, much less that its attitude has been one of hostility. So far as the writer can discover, the only remote justification for Mr. Wister's statement may reside in the objection expressed by Professor Van der Essen himself to having certain extremists invited to present the Belgian case to audiences of the University of Chicago. But it is to be reiterated that the University of Chicago on no occasion has done anything to justify the assertion to which Mr. Wister is giving such undeserved publicity.

JAMES R. ANGELL.

University of Chicago, January 2.

SEX ECONOMICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When a German wishes to speak disrespectfully of anything, he says: "Das ist nicht weit her." Put conversely, the thought might be expressed: "If you want anything really good, go abroad for it. The home article isn't up to par."

May I ask the reader to accompany me on a trip very much abroad, even to the antipodes? The magic letters U. S. A. stand for two countries antipodal in every respect: the United States of America, and the Union of South Africa. Now South Africa has a valuable bit of information to impart to us. We are troubled over many side issues of the sex problem; for example, what is the financial value of woman as compared with man? Just here South Africa comes to our aid. Thus, in the London *Spectator* of December 18, 1915, we may read the following advertisement:

"Natal University College, Pietermaritzburg. History Lecturer wanted. Candidates (either sex) must have taken a good Degree in History. Commencing salary as fixed by Union Government Regulations (men £300, women £250)," etc.

Nothing could be more explicit, more satisfactory. Government regulations for South Africa have fixed with precision the money ratio of male to female labor, namely, six to five. If you employ a woman, you save exactly sixteen and two-thirds per cent.

Is there any objection to the introduction of the formula in our school administration? For instance, were our Solons at Albany to take pattern after South Africa, we might have the satisfaction of reading in the —— *Journal:*

"Wanted, a teacher of mathematics for the —— High School. Man, $1,200; woman $1,000."

Of course there are objections; certainly, one serious objection. And this objection reminds me of a good story attributed to one of our oldest and best-known professors. This man of learning, in his very youthful days, landed at Liverpool in the midst of an uncommonly hot spell. In his rather dingy hotel room the longing for a drink of cold water came over him. He was on the point of pulling the bell rope (of course, the electric bell was not yet thought of) and ordering the waiter to bring a pitcher of ice water. Then he reflected: No Englishman would think of ordering a waiter to *bring;* no, *fetch* is the only proper verb. Then, they don't serve drinkables in a *pitcher,* but in a *jug.* Then, *ice* water is quite bad form; I must say *iced* water. And, after all, pshaw, what is the good of any order? There isn't any ice in all Liverpool.

Well, our schools (and colleges) do not advertise for candidates, but conduct negotiations strictly *sub rosa.* The principal (or president), authorized by his board to expend up to a certain limit, looks about him, makes inquiries to right and left, and gets the best he can discover; he may even succeed in picking up some one at a bargain. I know one instance, at least, in which the salary was fixed at a thousand dollars, but the victim captured for eight hundred.

So we have no advertising system to which we could apply the six-to-five ratio. But we have the thing itself, the discrimination between men and women teachers in the matter of salary. Every one in the least familiar with our public school system knows that the majority of women teachers is overwhelming, and for the reason that they cost less. I have in mind chiefly schools outside of the large cities, such as New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, where salaries are more generous; though even in such cities the women outnumber the men. In the smaller cities and towns our schools, in the judgment of European critics, are emasculated. The chief need of our public school system is more men teachers, and especially more *honesty,* less cheapening of the dignity of the profession. If a certain teachership is worth a thousand dollars, get a thousand-dollar teacher, man or woman, the best procurable; but don't appoint a woman on the secret understanding that as a woman she will serve for eight hundred.

You see, Mr. Editor, I am neither suffragist nor anti; I am only one of those unfortunates who relish honesty, sincerity, matter-of-factness. If we truly believe that five men are worth six women, and I am persuaded that most of our school boards believe this in secret and act upon it without admitting it publicly, then we are pitifully lacking in the spunk of the doughty Africander. We are in comparison shufflers.

J. M. H.

Washington, February 8.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you be good enough to mention in the *Nation* that the Council of the Association of University Professors has elected me secretary of the Association? For lack of this information, various persons are writing Professor Lovejoy, who has to forward the letters to me.

H. W. TYLER.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, February 11.

Book Notes and Byways

THE FIRST OF THE MILITANTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By C. A. MOORE.

Modern scholarship has naturally had much to say concerning the evolution of literary interest in feminism. In 1891 Miss Pennell, seriously regarding Mary Wollstonecraft as "really the first of a new genus" because she wrote for a livelihood, looked upon the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" (1792) as a novelty. The most recent contribution to the subject of literary feminism, Miss Gregory's "The French Revolution and the English Novel" (ch. vii), brushes aside such erroneous opinions as "half truths," and, instead, sets up as a background for Mary Wollstonecraft the works of English predecessors. She recognizes that her list of earlier writers is very incomplete, and on this score I have nothing further to remark. I do wish, however, to question her treatment, brief as it is, of "Sophia, a Person of Quality," concerning whose identity something will be said later. She, as Miss Gregory says, is frequently called "the first of the militants." Miss Gregory's discussion is in this particular case misleading, I think, for two distinct reasons.

I.

In the first place, she underestimates the extreme modernity of Sophia's two books on the rights of women (1739-1740). In her anxiety to exhibit Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication" as an advanced stage of theory, she depreciates, unintentionally of course, the radicalism exemplified in the earlier writer. This is a matter that concerns not merely the single question of feminism; there is an unfortunate tendency in much of our modern criticism of the eighteenth century to magnify in general the differences between the first half and the second. We are inclined to think that the Augustan period was more conservative than it really was, and to conclude that the "advanced thought" of the Revolutionary age was due primarily to the recent importation of radical theory from France. The fact seems to be that in most respects there was throughout the century a steady progression in English speculation, deflected for a short time by French revolutionary doctrine; in the case of the feminist movement the result of the most important French influence in the second half of the century was to retard, rather than to hasten, progress. Partly for this reason Mary Wollstonecraft was actually less bold in her demands than some of her predecessors, including the so-called first militant.

The provocation which inspired Sophia was an anti-feminist article in *Common Sense* for September 1, 1739. In order to refute the assertion that woman is capable of no more than a sentimental attachment to man, as this article declared, Sophia brought out a book under the following elaborate title: "Woman Not Inferior to Man; or, A Short and Modest Vindication of the Natural Right of the Fair Sex to a Perfect Equality of Power, Dignity, and Esteem, with the Men" (1739). The title itself indicates in a general way the nature of the claims advanced. It is a spirited and even violent attack on

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the stupid, unquestioned custom that leads men and even women to suppose that men have a "charter from God and nature" to impose their wills on women. The only argument to support their injustice is, according to Sophia, a superiority in brute strength; this, she declares, the lion possesses, and he uses it with more magnanimity than those "upright unfeather'd animals" who expect women to submit tamely to their "misplaced arrogance." As wooers they are cringing sycophants; but once married, "the *spaniel* is metamorphosed into a tyger," and his victim has reason "to envy the lesser misery of a bond-slave to a merciless tyrant." At times she can hardly restrain herself within the bounds of mere words: "To stoop to some regard for the strutting things is not enough; to humour them more than we cou'd children, with any tolerable decency, is too little; they must be served forsooth. Pretty creatures, indeed! How worthy do they appear of this boasted preëminence!" That the absurdity may lack nothing for want of specific illustration, she cites an instance: "Nay, I myself was accidentally witness to the diverting scene of a journeyman taylor's beating his wife about the ears with a neck of mutton, to make her know, as he said, her *sovereign, lord, and master.* And yet this, perhaps, is as strong an argument as the best of their sex is able to produce, tho' convey'd in a greasy light."

Undoubtedly the "Person of Quality" has a sense for picturesque effect; but after the first few pages she settles down to the more solid business of logical argument. In such a dispute, she declares there is only one impartial judge, that is, "rectified reason"; to this she offers to submit her evidence to establish the complete equality of women with men for all the private and public affairs of social existence. She goes so far as to demonstrate that women are as well qualified as men for the study and teaching of science, the holding of public offices, and the conduct of warfare. It would be odd, she admits, to see women performing some of these functions; but the difficulty with men is that "their intellectuals are so weak," and they "are so accustom'd to see things as they now are, that they cannot represent to themselves how they can be otherwise." We should soon become thoroughly accustomed, she thinks, to seeing women "teaching rhetoric, medicine, philosophy, and divinity, in quality of university professors" or leading an army against a fort. Even yet Sophia keeps her sense of humor for an emergency. There is an excellent touch of satire in her remark that, but for the error of custom, Anna Maria Schurman, "with a thesis in her hand, displaying nature in its most innocent useful lights, would have been as familiar a sight as a Physician in his chariot, conning *Ovid's* Art of Love." In order not to exaggerate her demands, however, I must add two qualifying remarks which she makes in concluding. Although she insists that "there is no science or *public office* in a State, which *Women* are not as much qualified for by nature as the ablest *Men,*" she disclaims the desire actually "to stir up any of my own sex to revolt against the *Men,* or to invert the present order of things with regard to *government* and *authority.*" She is willing, also, that men should continue to carry on alone the hardships of warfare. Her analogy is good: "As sailors in a storm throw overboard their more useless lumber; so it is but fit that the *Men* alone shou'd be exposed to the dangers and hardships of war, while we remain in safety at home. They are, generally speaking, good for but little else but to be our bulwarks." In spite of this magnanimous concession of theory to practice, Sophia's views are decidedly modern.

She was immediately answered by "A Gentleman" in "Man Superior to Woman; or, A Vindication of Man's Natural Right of Sovereign Authority Over the Woman," etc. (1739). He was forced to admit that "the ingenious Lady, whom I have to contend with, is, for a Woman, no despicable adversary." Apparently she had some reason to resent the tone of the Gentleman, illustrated sufficiently by this extract: "Safe in the Paradise of our protecting Love, they are sure of Happiness, while, conscious of the Blessing, they persist in deserving it by their Fidelity and Obedience! But if once they give Ear to this fair fallen Angel, like true Daughters of their first fickle parent Eve, the flattering Bait of Power, Dignity, and Knowledge will cheat them of that Happiness, and by exciting them to disobey will banish them from the Sanctuary of our Hearts, their only Asylum from Scorn and Wretchedness." His main argument is that "this is the light in which they have always been viewed here in England," and he justifies the old order by a "variety of characters, of different kinds of *Women,* drawn from the Life." In concluding, he lays down the following challenge: "Let them remember that *Man* holds his Superiority over them by a Charter from Nature in his very Production, a Charter confirm'd by Heaven, to annul which a bare Equality of Perfection with him would not suffice, cou'd they prove it. And nothing can justify their calling that Charter in Question till they are able to prove even a Superiority over him." Sophia immediately accepted the terms of combat by publishing "Woman's Superior Excellence over Man," etc. (1740), in which she imitated her antagonist in the citation of historians, philosophers, and poets as "authorities" and in the use of "a variety of mannish characters, which some of the most noted Heroes of the present age had the Goodness to sit for." This treatise is even bolder than the first. Any impartial judge would award her the victory, and the modern feminists would find Sophia's two books a tonic of great potency.

In no sense does Mary Wollstonecraft go beyond the demands made by her. The real purpose of the "Vindication" was to counteract the harmful effects of Rousseau's "Émile" (1762), and the English imitations of it, the most important of which are discussed in the "Vindication." Rousseau's ideal woman was a sentimental weakling, a compound of ignorance and shallow artifice, that would appeal to man's animal nature. Mary Wollstonecraft was not too severe when she called his theory "the philosophy of lasciviousness." What she endeavored to do was to reclaim the feminist movement from this sentimental aberration and force it back into the earlier channel of pure rationalism. This was undoubtedly an important work; but it is to be remembered that, largely as the result of this position, she was satisfied with demands which conceded far more to man's theoretic supremacy than Sophia had allowed. When the two are compared, Mary Wollstonecraft will seem meek and old-fashioned. A true statement of the case is that, in the endeavor to retrieve the loss occasioned by Rousseau, she reverted to a form of argument which had been familiar in England from the latter part of the seventeenth century, and which was carried to the danger-point by Sophia.

II.

My second objection to the impression given by Miss Gregory is of an entirely different nature. It reflects, I regret to say, on the bold and quick-witted Sophia. Miss Gregory is not the only one who has failed to detect the very important fact that this "first of the Militants" was a rank impostor, and perpetrated one of the cleverest hoaxes of her time. However sincere and ardent she may have been in her advocacy of woman's rights, Sophia did little more than adapt François Poullain's "De l'Égalité des deux Sexes, Discours Physique et Moral, Où l'on voit l'importance de se défaire des Préjugez," Paris, 1673.

Poullain's book is divided into two parts. The first is concerned wholly with a theoretic statement of equality; after reading Sophia's first book, one finds very little in Poullain's Part I that is unfamiliar. At times she boldly lifted several pages with hardly an alteration. I select two short passages merely to show how slavish the imitation is. Poullain says that if women were admitted to philosophy they would not be liable to the vulgar error of male philosophers: "En parlant de Dieu, pas une ne s'est avisée de me dire, qu'elle *se l'imaginoit, sous la forme d'un venerable vieillard.* Elles disoient au contraire, qu'elles ne pouvoient se l'imaginer, c'est à dire, se le representer sous quelque idée semblable aux hommes: qu'elles concevoient qu'il y a un Dieu; parce qu'elles ne comprenoient pas que ni elles ni ce qui les environne soient les ouvrages du hazard, ou de quelque creature." Sophia renders the idea thus: "Were we to express our conception of God, it would never enter into the head of one of us to describe him as a venerable old man. No, we have a more noble idea of him, than to compare him to anything created. We conceive that there must be a God, because we are sensible that neither we nor the objects which surround us can be the works of chance, or of self-production." Again, Poullain: "Il semble que les femmes soient nées pour exercer la Medecine, & pour rendre la santé aux malades. Leur propreté & leur complaisance soulagent le mal de la moitié. Et non seulement elles sont propres à appliquer les remedes; mais mêmes à les trouver. Elles en inventent une infinité qu'on appelle petits, parce qu'ils coûtent moins que ceux d'Hypocrate, & qu'on ne les prescrit pas par ordonnance: mais qui sont d'autant plus surs & plus faciles, qu'ils sont plus naturels. Enfin elles font leurs observations dans la pratique avec tant d'exactitude, & en raisonnent si juste, qu'elles rendent souvent inutiles tous les cahiers de l'Ecole." In Sophia's hands this eulogy becomes: "Our sex seems born to teach and practice physic; to restore health to the sick; and to preserve it to the well. Neatness, handyness, and compliance are one-half of a patient's cure; and in this the men must yield to us. Indeed, in our turns we must yield to them in the art of inventing hard names; and puzzling a cure with the number, as well as adding to a patient's grievance with the costliness, of remedies. But we can invent, and have invented without the help of *Galen,* or *Hippocrates,* an infinity of reliefs for the sick, which they and their blind adherents cou'd neither improve nor disapprove. And an *old woman's receipt,* as it is term'd, has often been known to remove an inveterate distemper which has baffled the researches of a college of graduates." For her first book,

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Sophia appropriated most of the First Part of Poullain's work and a good deal of the Second Part; her originality is exhibited only in the rearrangement and in the addition of some clever satirical touches and a few local illustrations.

One is inclined to smile, then, over the Gentleman's admission that his opponent is "no despicable Adversary." But the reader soon wonders if the jest is at the expense of the Gentleman or himself. "Man Superior to Woman" contains evidence that the Gentleman, too, was familiar with Poullain. Part of his first chapter is taken almost verbatim from the early pages of the Frenchman's treatise (see pp. 11ff. in each book); there is further evidence in various details, for example, the Gentleman's treatment of female tattling and curiosity and his use of ancient authority—matters discussed in the Second Part of "De l'Égalité." Since Poullain states both sides of the question for the purpose of refutation, he could be used to some advantage by the anti-feminist as well as the feminist. Why, then, did the Gentleman not expose Sophia's plagiarism? I think there can be no doubt that the two are really one. Sophia was merely carrying on a debate with herself, in which she was sure to win; she found it easy to justify her claim that women speak more eloquently and less coarsely than men. There is in this book, however, much more material than is to be found in Poullain; the borrowing here is neither so bold nor extensive as in "Woman Not Inferior to Man." The argument is swelled to respectable quantity by undefended claims of man's preëminence, by additional historical matter, and by a list of satirical "characters" in ridicule of women. In the silly boasting of the Gentleman, of course Sophia found her advantage; the satires on particular types of women are characteristic of a large body of literature fashionable at the time, and, after all, are of doubtful force in controversy; the historical material added to that found in Poullain was the stock in trade of the anti-feminists. In other words, the Gentleman's argument required no great labor beyond that of compilation, and it is rendered suspiciously open to refutation. If Sophia produced the whole series, it is easy to explain why her opponent's logic is weak to the point of absurdity and plays so beautifully into the hands of her clever rejoinder. In composing "Woman's Superior Excellence Over Man," she was again indebted to Poullain, but not extensively; she had already used the bulk of his material. The additional historical matter for her final performance she might have obtained from various sources; she apparently was influenced considerably by William Walsh's "Dialogue Concerning Women" (1691), but of course had to use discretion. Her originality and complete triumph appear most conspicuously in her satirical sketches of contemporary "heroes"—a field into which fortunately the Gentleman had already led the argument. Sophia must have enjoyed the situation keenly; she conducted an elaborate campaign and won a great battle for her sex with surprisingly little creative effort. When we consider the freedom with which she used her "sources," we need not be surprised by the voluminous information exhibited or the marvelous rapidity with which the debate proceeded.

The conjecture that Pope was the Gentleman is not improbable *per se*, for the illogical method of "Man Superior to Woman" is worthy of the poet who wrote the "Essay on Man"; but it may be dismissed. Whether Sophia was really Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is a nice question; I think that this supposition is probably correct, and that there is good evidence for it which has not been noted. Whoever she was, our first militant turns out to be a fraud. The mere fact of plagiarism does not, however, detract from the historical importance of her two books. They constitute a significant chapter in the growth of feminism in England. Her dependence upon seventeenth-century literature merely gives additional weight to my first contention—that Mary Wollstonecraft had long since been anticipated and outdone. Her position is to be interpreted only in the light of a vast stream of minor literature which is to be traced closely from the period of the Restoration. A study of this will, I think, establish two facts: the subject of woman's rights was of equally great interest to the earlier period, and the substantial arguments for the cause were derived largely from the writings of men.

Trinity College, N. C.

Literature

THE BATTLE OF THE BROWS.

America's Coming-of-Age. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Mr. Brooks is one of the young Intellectuals who are just now so busy multiplying expressions of their dissatisfaction with American society. His little book explains with a good deal of wit and grace the cause of his discontent, and prescribes a remedy. To put the matter in a personal way, he finds the intellectual life in this country insufferably dull, and he yearns for a large and honest excitement. Our powers are neutralized by our indiscriminating good nature. We are neither good haters nor good lovers. In the impartial lap of American culture, Nietzsche and A. C. Benson lie down together and go to sleep. Mr. Brooks has a conviction, in which we share, that it is not proper for A. C. Benson and Nietzsche to fall asleep in the same lap. When culture is out of its nonage, it should think things through and come to conclusions, and, if need be, fight for them.

The dulness of the American scene Mr. Brooks attributes chiefly to the lack of any effective collision and fusion of our ideals with our practice. The rift began in the eighteenth century; inflexible Jonathan Edwards takes his stand on one side of it and flexible Benjamin Franklin on the other. Its continuance in our own day is illustrated by Mr. Bryan's declaration on the question of Free Silver, "that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least." (It is not entirely clear in this case which is the "practical" side of the rift.) It is illustrated even more significantly by the coining and currency among us of the terms "Highbrow" and "Lowbrow"—words which stand for more genuine differences than Democrat and Republican. The one class has ideals, but no experience; it has flowered in an unfruitful transcendentalism. The other class has experience, but no ideals; its finished product is the millionaire. Each class looks with contempt, or rather with indifference, upon the other.

The fact that in America Moses never comes down from the mountain and the Children of Israel never go up from the plain accounts, Mr. Brooks believes, for the insubstantial character of American literature. Writers with personality, like Hawthorne, lack the urgent social pressure requisite to make them broadly representative. Writers with a social background, like Lowell, lack the personality requisite to make them inspiring and influential leaders. Except on the rare occasions when a gust of popular feeling brings him to white heat, Lowell stands for nothing but vague abstractions like Democracy and Patriotism. "Generous impulses and enthusiasms, which Lowell had abundantly in his youth, are not enough, unless they are solidified into some sort of personal programme; the sort of programme which, to take instances from among Lowell's contemporaries, Carlyle had in his hero-worship, Ruskin in his central idea of harmonious art and harmonious life, Mazzini in his brotherhood of peoples, Taine in his theory of the *milieu*, Nietzsche in his supermorality."

Mr. Brooks, in the fashion of the day, immensely undervalues the leaven that was and is still in writers like Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Thoreau. He ignores the great conflict of ideals with practice which caused the Civil War, and that fusion of ideals with practice which made a new nation. By calling up the writers of a bygone generation without evoking the historical circumstances in which they worked, he creates frequently a false impression of their detachment and ineffectiveness. Yet it can hardly be denied that in the present onrush of alien peoples and the uprush of popular passions the old idealism of New England is about as secure as the independence of Belgium. It lacks body and bulk to oppose against the purely materialistic "Lowbrow" insurrection which is breaking out in all parts of the country.

Impressive incarnation of the American soul, Mr. Brooks holds, was first achieved by Walt Whitman. Uniting within himself the ideals of Emerson and the rude emotion and experience of the masses, he mediates between the Highbrow and the Lowbrow, and furnishes the rudiments of a fundamentally American tradition. Through him the young men of the hour find themselves. But though Whitman felt in a new way, his thinking, what there was of it, was conventional, and is now old-fashioned. His true followers inherit his spirit, but they discard the "old clothes" of Jacksonian Democracy of which he was so childishly fond. "To leave behind the old Yankee self-assertion and self-sufficiency, to work together, think

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together, feel together, to believe so fervently in the quality of standards that we delight in prostrating our work and our thoughts before them—all this is in the right direction."

By this time one is asking, "Whither does 'all this' lead?" Mr. Brooks artfully reserves the secret to spring it with dramatic effect just before he leaves us. "Socialism," he says—stepping towards the wings, "flows from this as light flows from the sun." The curtain descends, leaving the audience in partial darkness, strongly impressed with the importance of finding their way out. The discovery of the exits is facilitated by an uproar in the street caused by the rivalry of a crowd of cowboys and a crowd of college professors. The two crowds are in whole-hearted conflict, but the fusion of their ideas with their emotions is complete. And both are singing at the top of their lungs: "Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Preparedness."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Double Road. By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The attempt seems to be made here to differentiate true religion and undefiled from sheer worldliness on the one hand, and mere occultism on the other, and further to show how far Christian dogma transcends merely intellectual philosophy. Though cast in the form of fiction, Mr. Wood's book is most like a sermon full of awful warnings. The author's point of view, motive, and mode of expression are all frankly ecclesiastical, and it must be confessed that he is a better churchman than he is novelist.

A shop-girl steals a customer's ring. A young clerk on a chivalrous impulse assumes the guilt. The shop-girl marries her employer and leads a comfortable life until her secret is suspected by a professed clairvoyant. Her confession to him is overheard by the husband, who incarcerates her in a small house in the country with an ex-police matron for jailer. She escapes and appeals to the poor clerk for help. He, having steadily grown in Christian grace and knowledge under his burden of vicarious shame, has become the esteemed friend of the clairvoyant's father, a prosperous, high-minded, but purely intellectual philosopher. With the latter's help the kleptomaniac lady is consigned to the care of an aged Quakeress, who is able to restore her charge's moral tone and ward off the still vengeful husband until such time as he is reduced to bankruptcy and ready to receive with gratitude the humble overtures of his ever-faithful wife. The clairvoyant is punished for tampering with the secrets of the spirit world by a lingering, demon-haunted death. Only the presence of the other-worldly clerk, whose inner life has been spent in calm contemplation of the ritualistic mysteries of the Christian faith, can exorcise the malignant spirits that infest the would-be medium's mortal frame, and give him peaceful passing.

No secular writer who had as good natural taste, as fine a touch in pastoral description, and as true a love for all that is serene and venerable, would ever have been tempted to put so cheap a plot as this before his readers.

Life and Gabriella. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This romancer, who has written so many books and acquired an audience so considerable in numbers, has reason to suppose that her method of story-telling is satisfactory to that audience. Doubtless she finds profit in being verbose, being obvious, dealing much in repetitions and reassurances. Having once revealed to us that Gabriella has a vein of iron in her nature, she finds that it is safer to remind us of the fact every few pages, lest, in our dazed stupidity of the novel-soaked, we let the fact slip our minds. If we find Gabriella on page 280 "patiently stitching bias velvet bands on the brim of a straw hat," we may rest assured that we shall find her on page 307 "patiently stitching flat garlands of flowers" on the brim of another hat. If we hear once that Gabriella has a favorite child, but does not know it herself, we hear it a dozen times. These are the methods by which one approaches children, theatre audiences, and a vast and enthusiastic section of the reading public. Gabriella is a poor-genteel maiden of Virginia, who jilts a rather useless Southern young gentleman, marries a very worthless Northern one, and after much tribulation is divorced. She becomes a successful New York milliner, and keeps assuring herself that she is dead to love. But she cherishes an ideal sentiment for the useless Southern gentleman, no longer young but still faithful; and, somewhat later, really comes to love an O'Hara, a self-made man, but one of nature's noblemen.

Tales by Polish Authors. Translated by Else C. M. Benecke. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The first hundred pages of this little volume are given to a story, "Bartek the Conqueror," by Henrik Sienkiewicz; the other sixty, to five brief tales and sketches by Stefan Zeromski, Adam Szymanski, and Waclaw Sieroszewski. The two last-named have both had experience of exile in Siberia, and the materials of their present tales are Siberian. Szymanski's "Srul—— from Lubartov" is a grim conveyance of the hopeless nostalgia of the exiled. Sieroszewski's two tales are of the Siberian Yakuts. Zeromski's "Twilight" is a sketch of the fruitless and ceaseless toil of two Polish peasants. The Bartek of Sienkiewicz is of the same class. Forced to fight for the Germans against the third Napoleon, he becomes the hero of several battles. When he gets home with his medals, his thick head has been hopelessly turned. His folly, taken advantage of by his German masters, quickly brings him to ruin. His bewilderment upon finding that fellow-Poles are fighting for the French is the item of "timeliest" interest in this striking tale.

A TIMELY EXPOSITION.

The Monroe Doctrine: An Interpretation. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75 net.

This is a satisfying book on a topic out of which very little satisfaction has been had by those fond of clear thinking. Carl Schurz once at a private dinner called upon one of the guests to define the Monroe Doctrine. Half-seriously the definition was offered: "It means that Europe has had fair notice that the United States will do whatever it pleases." "I beg leave to amend," cried Schurz—"whatever it damn pleases." The mingled vagueness and threat of the Doctrine, as it has lain in the popular mind of America, could hardly be better conveyed. And it was time that the solvent of historical treatment was applied to it, as it is successfully by Professor Hart in this volume. The actual beginnings of the Monroe Document are documentarily laid bare; its developments are traced in the same way, step by step down to the present. At the end we see that what we have under study is not a single thing, but a complex. Starting off with certain presuppositions and expectations, the Monroe Doctrine speedily passed on to others. In time it became a thing of patches and almost of contradictories, yet always was gravely asserted to be the same original, indivisible and unalterable. Small wonder that the ordinary American has come to take much the same attitude towards the Monroe Doctrine that the old Scotchwoman did towards the Solemn League and Covenant: she didn't know what it was, but she'd "mainteen" it.

The real historical process of the Doctrine is set forth with admirable precision and very readably by Professor Hart. His interpretations of the changes in the Doctrine, from generation to generation, and at the hands of successive Presidents, are his own, of course, and in their exact emphasis might be open to challenge at one or two points; but the material is all laid before the reader, and the dullest must see that it implies different policies and attitudes in different ages. First the stress is on the Two Systems; then on the Two Spheres; presently we have a stark assertion of Manifest Destiny or Paramount Interest. All these things, and many others, are now bundled up in the Monroe Doctrine. Professor Hart shows how its point of view and its substance have been repeatedly changed—its essential principle sometimes violated by the United States—yet how it remains a great and vital American tradition. Under his exposition, it appears so elusive and elastic that we wonder he did not quote among the foreign opinions of it, the saying of ex-President Peña of Argentina, that the Mon-

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roe Doctrine is really made of caoutchouc. The author suggests redefinitions—it takes several to cover all sides of the Doctrine—and indulges in some forecasts of the future in which it is not necessary to follow him. We have noted one or two misprints in the book, and it is somewhat misleading to say that John Hay "supervised the treaty with Spain"—*i. e.*, the Treaty of Paris. But the whole work is careful, and, what is rare in such writing, entertaining throughout.

THE CROWD OF COMMON MEN.

The Crowd in Peace and War. By Sir Martin Conway. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

Crowd-organization as the mainspring of social progress is the underlying theme of Sir Martin Conway's book. Under the generic term "crowd" it includes every considerable group of men, from a mob to a nation or even a race, if held together by a common interest. A crowd, we are told, is moved not by reason but by emotion, the wisdom or unwisdom of its acts depending on the influence brought to bear upon it; in a battle, for instance, soldiers who as individuals are by nature kindly become transformed into monsters of ferocity, but after the fight will minister to the suffering among their prisoners as tenderly as to their own wounded comrades. Patriotism is the crowd-emotion of a nation, and on this is the chief reliance for procuring military enlistments.

Of crowd-leaders there are three types: the crowd-compeller, the crowd-exponent, and the crowd-representative. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Disraeli, Treitschke belong in the first category. The crowd-compeller is usually a man of silent habit but forceful personality, whose words, when he does speak, have a remarkable effectiveness. The crowd-exponent is one whose sympathetic insight and gift of expression enable him to interpret in clear language the emotional but vague ideas of a mass of men who cannot express themselves except in noisy outbursts of approval or dissent; such was Gladstone, such is Winston Churchill. Another specimen is Lloyd George, described by the author as "the most prominent and powerful crowd-exponent of our day," whose emotions respond as sensitively to those of a crowd as a barometer to changes in atmospheric pressure. Crowd-representatives, as the term implies, are picturesque figureheads rather than individual forces. A constitutional king, for example, is a personification of his people, speaking for them, acting for them, standing for them in the sight of the world; in a sense, therefore, he is himself a crowd. A judge on the bench, an elected representative, the President of the United States, as Woodrow Wilson views his function, fall into the same class.

The organization of a crowd, we are told, has three main purposes: to secure some degree of continuity and persistence in its emotions, to provide it with a substitute for the brain which it lacks, and to enable it to give effect to its emotional desires and ideals. It cannot organize itself, but must be organized by individuals who acquire its confidence or are able to impose their authority upon it. The most powerfully organized crowds are those formed by their executives under authority delegated to them by the whole body of a people, like the army, the navy, the police.

Broadly speaking, Sir Martin divides all governments since the beginning of things into kingdoms and crowddoms, according as the people have been ruled by individuals or by public opinion, and, of the two, he finds crowddoms sometimes the more tyrannical. Kingship he regards as not an admissible method of government in the modern world outside of Russia, perhaps Germany, and the "so-called republics" of Central and South America. The British Constitution, while neither a kingdom nor a crowddom, partakes of the nature of both; and the United States, so long as the moderating influence of the Senate remains potent, has a similarly well-balanced system. The crowd, however, in both countries, is putting forth an ever larger and larger claim to authority, the referendum being the most conservative of its developments.

Between liberty and freedom, so commonly treated as interchangeable terms, our author draws a sharp line, freedom being the right of the individual to do what he will, at least so far as this does not infringe upon the corresponding right of some other individual; whereas liberty is a political condition—the right of the crowd to organize, expand, and develop, to dominate the individual for its own purposes, to impose the will of the majority upon the minority. Hence the forces of freedom and liberty, instead of being coincident, are always in conflict. Even the ideal of free speech is destroyed by war, when nations, in the name of patriotism, close the mouths of individuals. In peaceful times, moreover, religion restrains men's speech in the name of orthodoxy, and society in the name of good form. The trade-union goes so far as to reduce the earning capacity and privileges of all its members to the same level, and that the level of one of the lower grades. It is, therefore, a leading function of the central authority in every community to preserve an equilibrium between individual freedom and crowd liberty.

In public education, the emotional quality of the crowd is shown by the sentimental extension of exceptional advantages to defective children, at the cost of their gifted companions who would make a much better return to the state; and in the domain of public morals we find stamped as crimes and vices many acts which, had he only himself to consider, an individual would be left free to perform, but which society represses or punishes as injurious to itself, through such media as liquor laws and laws regulating what are loosely styled the relations of the sexes.

Morals, by the way, Sir Martin distinguishes carefully from religion, morals being a social and religion a personal affair; Christ himself, on some memorable occasions, defied the morals of his day. Such a thing as a "Christian nation" never has been and never can be, since the adjective and the noun are incompatible. The religion of Christ was a religion of men, not of crowds. The Gospel Christian was called upon to love God and his neighbor—not the crowd or mankind, but men; his neighbor was another individual, to be individually loved, tended, and helped; and the success of Christianity in spreading over the earth was due to its coming when the time was ripe for an individualistic religion, a religion of personal holiness. "All that crowds have ever added to it has been unchristian incomprehensibilities, incredible dogmas, and unnecessary ceremonials, invented solely for collective purposes."

Limitations of space forbid our abstracting the chapters on War: Its Cause and Cure, The Contest of Ideals, The Crowd at War, and The Just Mean, which are of especial timeliness in view of the present situation in Europe, and the attempt of philosophic minds to pierce the veil of the future and see what it is on which we must rely to prevent any repetition of such a world catastrophe. The book is one of the most valuable issued in many months. The detail, always vital and never tedious, into which the author carries his analyses, the naturalness and vividness of his illustrations, and the epigrammatic style in which he writes, combine to hold the reader's interest tense through all the 332 pages, giving to a condensed and serious psychological study much of the fascination of a romance.

THE BUSINESS OF FARMING.

Land Credits. By Dick T. Morgan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this work has four times been elected to Congress from Oklahoma. He calls his effort "a plea for the American farmer." It is difficult, he says, to exaggerate the extent to which our credit institutions discriminate against the farmers; it is hard to comprehend the loss to agriculture through lack of adequate credit. These phrases have an emotional content which the subject hardly warrants. Mr. Morgan has produced a work of many excellences, and one which students of a pending political question will find exceedingly useful. He would have done well if he had eliminated certain expressions which seem to imply that the farmer is an ill-used person, that he is prevented from occupying a place in the sun which is rightly his.

Rural credits are a good thing. But they are fundamentally in exactly the same category as commercial credits, which do not go by favor but by merit. No one has discriminated against agriculture in an invidious sense; there has been no loss to agriculture through a lack of adequate credit, for there

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can be no loss of a thing that has not existed. The past and present attitude of the commercial banks to agriculture cannot be called discrimination. Commercial credits and agricultural credits are necessarily the very opposite of each other in practice, though governed by the same fundamental laws. While all loans that are rightly made are based upon merit, there are such divergences in the length of their maturities and the manner of their amortization that public safety demands that different classes be handled by different kinds of credit institutions. The agencies for farm credits in other countries, which Mr. Morgan describes so accurately, are all based upon a recognition of this fact. The things we complain of in this treatise are hardly more than inadvertences, but they are none the less regrettable, for they tend to start the reader with a bias that should be altogether lacking in a work of this character.

With this allowance, the reader will find the present work one of the most helpful that has yet appeared in this country on the subject of rural credits. Mr. Morgan has condensed with remarkable skill a vast amount of information regarding foreign systems and regarding the various tentative schemes that have recently been outlined for Congressional investigation. He has made it easy for busy persons to get at the essentials of what has been accomplished elsewhere, and what has been proposed in this country. He has coördinated his facts with a patience and skill that divest his subject of much of its tediousness and dryness. Fifteen pages enable him to present the fundamental principles of European land-credit institutions; fourteen additional pages suffice for a clear digest of the report of the committee authorized by Congress in 1913 to study rural credits abroad, the bill which the Congressional sub-committee framed, and the bill which was introduced in the Senate as a substitute for the sub-committee bill. With this valuable assistance the reader is in a position to say how far he agrees with Mr. Morgan's creed, that our land-credit institutions should be public, or semi-public, non-profit-sharing institutions, designed primarily to serve borrowers, not lenders, to aid farmers, not investors, and to promote agriculture, not to provide profits for private banking institutions. Our author's elaboration of this doctrine is, in view of the acute feeling which usually attends a discussion of this character, calm and fair and characterized by real regard for proved economic principles.

It could be wished, however, that he had said a few words regarding the farm-mortgage debenture companies which flourished so luxuriantly in this country a generation ago. Their name was legion, and they left a devastated field behind them. Mr. Morgan could say with much force that that was just his point, and that allusion to that period would strengthen his argument materially. Yet, despite their reckless practices, those companies were not far short of the real principles of rural credits—namely, debenture bonds, secured by safe mortgages at a fair market rate of interest. Longer maturities, better amortization provisions, and effective public regulation might conceivably have produced results analogous to those which the present advocates of rural credits have at heart.

Nor does Mr. Morgan answer a question which is bound to arise in the minds of many of his readers. If public aid to land-credit institutions is authorized in this country, can we count on its being wisely applied? Arguments drawn from European experience are, alas, not altogether conclusive. Rural credits, with Government support, have manifestly a socialistic aspect. This fact does not condemn them, but it does throw on the advocates of such a system the burden of showing an urgent expediency. For too many persons in this country agriculture is a living rather than a business. Anything that will reduce tilling the soil to the strict principles and sharp discipline of general business will be of great and permanent advantage to the nation. The condition which confronts us in this matter is of such transcendent importance that we can afford to deal somewhat lightly with traditional theory. The thing we need most to avoid is getting out of the frying pan into the fire. This, however, is not said with any desire to antagonize Mr. Morgan. Despite the unfortunate mannerism to which we alluded at the start, he has presented us with a work which will command general respect, if not universal approval.

GOVERNMENT AND LIBERTY.

The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

In times of great national turmoil we hear less of the dogma that Governments exist only to promote individual liberty, and more of the aphorism that self-preservation is, with states as with men, the first law of nature. Englishmen must have fully realized this during the past fifteen months. It is quite appropriate, therefore, that we should examine anew the relations which are supposed to exist between popular sovereignty and national power, between constitutional government and individual freedom—in a word, that we should see whether history really supports some of the doctrines which political scientists have taken for granted. This is the task which Professor Burgess has undertaken in his new volume. His method, however, is not to argue, but to present facts, to set before his readers such a body of historical data as will enable them to decide whether strong governments and popular liberty have been able to keep company in the past, or, if they have parted company, what the true reasons for this divorce have been. In the author's own words, "a correct and profound appreciation of the historical development of the state" is the only thing that will keep nations from diverging towards despotism on the one hand or towards a hopeless internal disorganization on the other.

The volume, in other words, is a contribution to the history of statecraft in general, a résumé of political development and reaction in all parts of the world and from earliest times to the present day. Few books cover so wide a range. Beginning with the first political institutions of Asia, the author works down through Greece, Rome, the Germanic tribes, and the Frankish kingdom to the Anglo-Saxon state, which he follows to the time of the Norman conquest. One chapter is then devoted to the Middle Ages, with their feudal decentralization, and another to the growth of monarchical power during the later centuries of this great middle period. Then follows an interpretation of European political history from the Reformation to our own day, with a survey of the outstanding features which appear, as the author sees them, in the existing constitutions of various European states. The concluding hundred pages or thereabouts are devoted to the political annals of the Western Hemisphere, with special attention to the United States, but with some discussion of South and Central American states as well.

Concerning the political tendencies of the last twenty years in the United States, the author has some strong opinions to express. In the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment, for example, he sees the end of constitutional government so far as concerns "the relation between government and the individual in his rights to property." This amendment has

> made over to the Government the whole power of the sovereign, unlimited and unqualified, to take what it will and in any way it will from the individual, to take from one individual and not from another, as it will, and to take in different proportions from different individuals as it will. This is not a power of constitutional taxation. It is the power of confiscation.

The spread of the initiative, referendum, and recall in this country is also regarded by Professor Burgess with outspoken misgivings:

> There is nothing sound in the popular initiative, which may not now be better attained by the existing right of petition. There is nothing sound in the referendum except the occasional appeal to the actual sovereign to amend or revise the organic law. . . . The recall, when applied to the legislator, is the old question of will against reason. . . . When applied to officials, all there is of value in it may be found in the existing process of impeachment.

In conclusion, the author believes that we are further away to-day from solving the great problem of reconciling government with liberty than we were twenty years ago. A republic with unlimited government, he declares, cannot endure. The whole course of political history proves that. It is, therefore, high time, he thinks, to call a halt in our present tendencies and to begin setting our faces the other way.

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Notes

The forthcoming publication of "From Pillar to Post," by John Kendrick Bangs, is announced by the Century Co.

The following books are announced for pubcation to-day by Harper & Bros.: "The Side of the Angels," by Basil King; "Nothing a Year," by Charles Belmont Davis; "The Principles of Labor Legislation," by John R. Commons and John B. Andrews; "Neglected Points of Auction Bridge," by Carl Ehlermann, jr., and "A-B-C of Vegetable Gardening," by Eben E. Rexford.

Announcements of publications forthcoming this spring by Robert M. McBride & Co. include the following: "Frey and His Wife," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Return of Fu-Manchu," by Sax Rohmer; "Träumerei," by Leona Dalrymple; "The Home Coming," by Constance Holmes; "The Bridge of Desire," by Warwick Deeping; "Japan and America—a Contrast," by Carl Crow; "A Dominie's Log," by A. S. Neill.

On Saturday Henry Holt & Co. will publish the following volumes: "Confessional and Other Short American Plays," by Percival L. Wilde; "Patience Worth," by Casper S. Yost; "Samaritan Mary," by Sumner Locke; "The Listeners," by Walter de la Mare; "Delane of the Times," by Sir Edward C. Cooke, and "Lodges in the Wilderness," by W. C. Scully.

To the American of the present, ever eager-eyed, the leisurely art of the essay is caviare. He has little relish for the meandering fancies of the dreamer. What he reads must be bristling with facts or pungent with paradox. There must be sparkle and glitter, not the steady glow of the frosted globe. He prefers the clever banalities of the music hall to the unsubstantial charms of any land of make-believe. Yet once in many moons it happens that even in America the mantle of Sir Thomas Browne or of Charles Lamb descends upon some less earnest spirit among us who resists the fascination of ceaseless activity in order to loaf and invite his soul. Such a one is Mr. Charles S. Brooks, whose "Journeys to Bagdad" has recently been issued by the Yale University Press ($1.50 net postpaid). The boasted triumphs of our civilization he barely regards, or looks upon with little more than lack-luster eye. Our modern seven-league boots arouse in him no thrill of pride. From them he turns to recollections of summer evenings "when I have travelled the skies, landing from the sky's blue sea upon the cloud continent, and traversing its mountain ranges, its inland lakes, harbors, and valleys." This is so much his element that to the editor who has returned his manuscript he confesses and avows: "We do not feel rebellious and we admit that you are right. Only we do not care as much as we did, for most of us are learning to write for the love of writing and without an eye on the medal." Consequently, whatever text he takes, he preaches *from* it, sauntering off according to his own sweet will. Glimpses of the wayward author, the occasional intrusion of ideas, opinions at variance with those of the self-complacent public—these always at length give place to the musings of a quaint but luxuriant fantasy. However, it is not the substance but the manner which draws the reader onward. The phrases exhale a quiet content, of lingering redolence. Sometimes the collocation of words bears a far-off resemblance to sallies in "Urn Burial." Sometimes the discrimination in epithets reminds one of the fastidious diction of "A Penny Plain and Two Pence Colored." Oftener the style recalls the whimsical simplicity of "A Chapter on Ears." Yet without ever attaining the finer felicities of these inheritors of renown the author is master of his own quill. He, too, feels the pressure of our matter-of-fact atmosphere. One delightful feature of the book is the illustrations. They are the "original woodcuts" of Allen Lewis. One pores over their grotesque representations of some scrawny prince striding across the landscape in his magic boots, or of a ship o'ertopping the earth, "sailing down on the far side of the last horizon, where the world itself falls off, and there is sky with swirl of stars beyond." But decoration is not their chief merit. They not merely illustrate some passage in the vagaries of the author, but add their own quizzical expressiveness and humorous subtlety to the thought of the essayist.

The first part of Jennings C. Wise's "Empire and Armament" (Putnam; $1.50 net) aims to show "that the American people have deluded themselves into believing that, because they were not militaristic, they were not aggressive or militant in their dealings as a nation with the world." We have insistently pressed for the attainment of our ends, at the same time that we have confounded armament with war; and the earlier dread of a standing army as the support of tyranny has become, in our own day, a dread of preparedness as synonymous with a militaristic spirit in the people at large. Meantime, the expansion of the United States, in territory and interests, has steadily developed imperialism, between which and militarism, however, the author believes, there is no necessary connection. The second part of the book is a discussion of the need and method of preparedness, a preliminary to the latter being an amendment of the Constitution to provide for the creation of a non-partisan Council of National Defence.

That one may be a good legislator without being equal to the demands of a course of lectures upon government is demonstrated by the little volume into which have been put the Yale lectures on the Responsibilities of Citizenship given by Samuel W. McCall, now Gov. McCall ("The Liberty of Citizenship"; Yale University Press; $1.15 net). Mr. McCall entered upon his task, somewhat aghast at it. His opening words were ominous: "After the notable discourses that have been given by the eminent men who have spoken in the Dodge course before this University it would put a severe strain upon one's power of invention to attempt to say anything novel and at the same time true about the duties of citizenship. The discussion of the subject has been carried almost to the point of exhaustion." This feeling of an outworn theme apparently weighed upon him throughout, with the result of a triteness happily wanting in his political speeches. If only some one had challenged him at the outset of each lecture, he might have been spurred to find the novelty, whether of idea or of phrase, for which he could not seek deliberately with zest or hope. His general position may be indicated by a brief quotation or two:

> The public printing office is a business enterprise of our own Government. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that that institution is unique among the printing offices of the world in the scale of expense upon which it is conducted.
>
> The lesson to be derived from many of the mistakes that were made, is not that we should change our system, but that the people should themselves give more careful attention to public affairs and that they should be more critical of the character of the men they choose to represent them.

With this, the thoughtful citizen will be likely to find himself in hearty agreement.

In the unhappy controversy concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, Mr. G. G. Greenwood's position is not that of a Baconian, but of an "Anti-William" (to employ the term invented by the late Andrew Lang). That is to say, he assumes a purely negative attitude, denying that the plays are the work of the actor, William Shakespeare, but making no attempt to identify their author with any known person. Mr. Greenwood's latest contribution to this side of the controversy comes in the form of a very substantial volume entitled "Is There a Shakespeare Problem? With a Reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang" (Lane; $4.50). As the title indicates, the book is to a considerable degree polemical, which is responsible for a good deal of diffuseness, but the negative argument is stated with learning and acumen, so that there is a certain profit in perusing the volume, although one may lay it aside at the end, as unconvinced as ever of the author's strange doctrine. To be sure, there is no new evidence adduced, and the general course of the reasoning is already familiar, in which there is nothing surprising, however, for the subject has been threshed out *ad nauseam*. We have accordingly the old questions of Shakespeare's legal knowledge, his learning, his genius (as possibly offsetting the deficiencies of his education), etc., taken up in succession, and, in the main, the old answers of the Baconians given—only, as intimated above, the author has a strong grasp on the material and is a vigorous controversialist, so that, but for occasional polemical *longueurs*, the volume constitutes much more profitable reading than is the case with most works of the same tenor. Mr. Robertson is especially Mr. Greenwood's *bête noire*, and even the orthodox will acknowledge that he now and then scores a hit against his adversary—who, by the way, is his fellow-member of Parliament. For instance, Mr. Robertson certainly underrates the classical attainments of the man who wrote the plays, and his attempt to explain the phrase "the first heir of my invention," which Shakespeare applies to "Venus and Adonis" in the dedication to that poem, on the theory that down to that time (1593) the poet had only written plays in collaboration with other men, is plainly untenable. But what detail of Mr. Robertson's work is so preposterous as the fundamental thesis of Mr. Greenwood's book, *viz.*, that the author of the greatest of all literary compositions lived totally unknown to his contemporaries and finally passed out of life, "leaving not a rack behind"? These contemporaries, as the writer acknowledges, labored under the same delusion as ourselves, for they too supposed that "Shakspere" the player was the author of the

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dramas. The true author, according to Mr. Greenwood, got confounded with the actor "Shakspere," because he adopted as a pseudonym the name "Shakespeare." If faith in such absurdities is the alternative of orthodoxy, we do not believe that heresy has a very bright future in store. Mr. Greenwood, we may remark in passing, makes merry over Mr. Robertson's slip in Greek κῆτοι (for κῆποι = gardens) Ἀδώνιδος, repeated four times—so "*sea-monsters* of Adonis!" exclaims our author. But κῆτοι does not mean "sea-monsters" any more than it means "gardens"; the form is simply not Greek, κῆτος (sea-monster) being a neuter noun.

There is hardly a point in Shakespearean biography that Mr. Greenwood does not discuss from the skeptical point of view. The actor's signatures are those of an illiterate man; his petty lawsuits were incompatible with the idealism of a great poet; his ungenerous bequest of his second-best bed to his wife in his will and the absence from that document of any specific mention of books or manuscripts tell against the identity of player and poet; and so with the rest. Space fails us to answer these objections, but there is really no occasion to attempt it, for none of the points are new and they have all been explained satisfactorily, in our judgment, in the writings of Robertson, Lang, and others which Mr. Greenwood here attacks with such vehemence.

Arkansas was one of the first Confederate States to pass under the control of the Federals and loyalists, and one of the first to be "reconstructed." It was also one of the first to pass from the régime of Republican reconstruction back to a democratic, or "conservative," government. The story of its reconstruction period is not, as in most Southern States, one of the anomalies of a negro control and the violence of a white reassertion of strength against black and carpet-bagger rule. It is a history of spirited political contests, by which a slow but successful fight was made against the political disabilities of certain classes of taxpayers; of petty Ku Klux disorders, suppressed by a white, and not a black, militia, and of impeachments, election scandals, and Congressional contests carried to Washington for a decision. An original document of great value on all these events, though of distinctly partisan character, appears in "The Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas" (Neale; $2 net), by Powell Clayton, Governor of the State, 1868-1871, and Senator from it, 1871-1877. In the text is incorporated a confusing amount of the raw materials of history, from Mr. Clayton's executive messages to the rantings of the most abusive newspapers on both Republican and Democratic sides; yet this enhances the worth of the volume to historians, and it is not one to appeal to many general readers in any form. The occurrences leading up to the attempted impeachment of Gov. Clayton in 1871 are recited with spirit and truthfulness, though the author may be accused of coloring statements that in their literal purport are quite accurate. It requires little to show that the Governor's attempts to stimulate immigration, awaken education, and gradually restore the franchise to the whites had a great deal of genuine statesmanship. At the same time, it is undeniable that certain of his political manœuvrings had a clearly interested character, and it is impossible to feel that upon these he speaks with absolute candor. Possibly it is as well that the book ends before the most interesting episode of Mr. Clayton's connection with Arkansas history—the "Brooks-Baxter War," which kept Little Rock the scene of skirmishing for two months in 1874 between two contestants for the Governor's seat. Senator Clayton had once supported Baxter, but had been estranged, and gave his influence to Brooks, who held the State House by arms for a month, and was then ejected by Federal interposition. Still, it is to be regretted that he did not attempt to add to our knowledge of this interesting contest.

In "The Man Jesus" (Harper; $1.20) Mary Austin has undertaken to describe the life of Jesus of Nazareth as a man of purity and courage, endowed with a superlative spirituality and a remarkable insight into human duties and potentialities. Following the line of the Synoptic Gospels (with omission of what she regards as mythical or legendary) she endeavors to set forth his motives and his methods and the path by which he came gradually to full consciousness of his mission. The task she imposes on herself is a difficult one—the trustworthy details of the outer and inner life of Jesus are few, and penetration into the secrets of a master-mind is always a power reserved for very few thinkers. Miss Austin has produced an interesting and useful study—a vivid picture of the work of Jesus, a clear and natural account of how his career was brought to a close by the hatred of a clique whose corruption he denounced, and a sympathetic exposition of the far-reaching significance of his teaching. Her critical treatment of the material is in general intelligent and cautious. She endeavors, for example, to pay due regard to a persistent tradition, which, however, she may refer to a natural, that is, non-supernatural source. Thus, in regard to the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, she holds that he did really appear to his followers, but this she accounts for by the supposition that the wounds on the cross were not fatal, and that he recovered consciousness in the tomb and went forth. To some persons this mode of escape from the tomb will seem improbable, and they will prefer to regard the belief in question as having arisen from incorrect interpretations of Old Testament passages. An exception to the author's general accuracy in Biblical details appears in the statement (p. 89) that all the great prophets of Israel came out of the wilderness; in fact, of the writing prophets of the Old Testament none, with the possible exception of Micah, were of the bedawi class (like Elijah)—Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel were city-men, as Jesus was. One is sorry also to find in so careful a writer "transpired" used for "took place" (p. 184). But such slips are of slight importance in so excellent a presentation of a great theme as Miss Austin has here given.

No more satisfactory sign of the intellectual awakening in India exists than the vivid interest that is being shown by educated Indians in the history and development of their arts and crafts. Hitherto research along these and kindred lines has fallen within the province of European scholars, but the valuable assistance rendered in the fields of archæology and documentary history by native scholars has made their coöperation indispensable. In the barren field of education Mr. Narendra Nath Law has opened a vein that augurs well for the historical student. He has begun publication of a series covering the "Promotion of Learning in India" (Longmans, Green; $1.30), under Mohammedan, European, and Hindu auspices. The first volume received is that embracing the work of early European Settlers down to about 1800 A. D., together with an account of the founding of the learned societies whose members have contributed so largely to our knowledge of the many obscure phases of Indian civilization, ancient and modern. The complexion of all these early efforts at education was naturally religious. "As early as 1614," says Mr. Law, "we hear of steps being taken for the recruitment of Indians for the propagation of the Gospel, and for imparting to these missionaries such education at the Company's expense as would enable them to carry out effectively the purposes for which they were enlisted." Nor were these efforts confined to the East India Company alone; the Portuguese, Dutch, and Danish made, in the same sporadic way, notable contributions.

Perhaps the most practical advance was made at Fort St. George, Madras, in 1787, when a male school was put under the direction of the chaplain, Dr. Bell. In response to an appeal for funds, "all ranks below Field-officers gave two days' pay to the school fund, while Generals and Field-officers paid more. Col. Floyd of the 19th Dragoons sent the pay of a suspended officer, while Col. Brathwaite and others, the regimental fines for drunkenness. The Military Board remitted the unclaimed prize-money of former years. . . ." Dr. Bell adopted the Indian method of instruction—using advanced pupils to instruct the newcomers. The activities of the various S. P. C. K. missionaries were unremitting; charity schools were founded, many of which have outgrown their original character and scope, and persist as secular institutions to-day. Of the strictly secular and private ventures were many schools, chiefly for girls, where the children of European exiles received instruction. Thus we find a Mrs. Hedges starting the first girls' school in Calcutta in 1780, where French and dancing were taught, and from which she retired with a comfortable fortune. In 1784 the eminent scholar, Sir William Jones, founded the famous Asiatic Society of Bengal, of which he was elected the first president, when Warren Hastings modestly declined the honor. The historical and scientific papers read at its weekly meetings were published in its periodical *Asiatic Researches*, which, in the course of time, has become the learned *Journal* of to-day.

"The Fall of Tsingtau, with a Study of Japan's Ambitions in China," by Jefferson Jones (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75), is a moderately interesting and instructive book. Why the sub-title is not the title is not clear to the reader, for it certainly contains the thesis. Mr. Jones protests frequently that he admires Japan, "a nation the most patriotic and one of the most efficient in the world"; yet he writes that, in the presentation of her demands on China, "Japan unmasked before the whole world to reveal herself purely as a military nation, bound by no honor and

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guided simply by her selfish ambitions. I state this," he adds, "as a fact, and with no unfriendliness to Japan." He has a strange chapter on Bushido vs. Great Britain, in which he goes on to show that there "is very little of this far-famed bushido spirit of the Japanese," and that other nations, chiefly Great Britain, will do well to realize that "Japan does not always apply a lofty moral code to her business." We are also told that China is no more; she "was forced to agree to the Japanese demands, and at half-past one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, May 9, China, the oldest nation in the world, passed under the virtual domination of Japan." The author does not think that we shall get into trouble with Japan, unless it be over our championing of China; the California immigration question is a sort of side issue to this one. All this may be so, but the author's asseverations and reiterations do not carry conviction. The impression left by the book on this score is that one had better examine the matter for himself. One is not surprised to find that the author is a young American newspaper man; he sounds like it. Regarding the fall of Tsingtau, there are a number of local details, which only one who was on the spot could have recorded; but they are worked together without art. In brief, there is little to recommend the book, beyond its timeliness; it will scarcely meet the expectations of any one who looks to see it figuring among the historical sources of future studies of the present war.

The latest addition to Macmillan's Rural Science series, edited by L. H. Bailey, is a volume on "Beekeeping," by Everett F. Phillips, of the Bureau of Entomology. The value of this volume is appreciated when we realize the scarcity of trustworthy textbooks on the subject. Hitherto, the well-known "A B C & X Y Z of Beekeeping," by Root, has been the main authority for both amateur and market apiarist. Its disadvantage lay more in its form than in its content. For the beginner, especially, its encyclopædic manner of information was more likely to be confusing than helpful, and while largely revised, its main store of information had, of recent years, grown somewhat obsolete. However, augmented by the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, Root's book has started many a beekeeper of to-day, and for the experienced its pages may still prove rewarding. But the new book by Professor Phillips is indispensable. For a clear and enlightening exposition, a discussion of ways and means, and a fund of scientific observation not accessible in any other form so compact and convenient, both amateur and professional apiarist will make it welcome. The increasing number of beekeepers, according to Professor Phillips, is an encouraging sign after the indifference with which this fascinating cult was for a time regarded. Formerly nearly every farm had its unscientific skep, or a primitive box, without any idea of profit or of its relation to fruit-raising. To-day, according to trustworthy figures, there are 800,000 persons keeping bees in this country, producing an annual crop of honey valued at $20,000,000 and the beeswax at $2,000,000. Professor Phillips's chapter The Cycle of the Year is typical, and indicative of a scientific, inductive method that will appeal to all beginners. Not the least useful chapter for the professional is that on Regional Differences within the United States.

Drama

THE IRISH THEATRE.

John Ferguson. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

This is a very notable addition to the plays of the Irish Theatre, and cannot fail to increase greatly the reputation of the author. It is a tragedy of rural Ulster. Resembling "Jane Clegg" in neatness of construction and natural and logical development of its story, it is infinitely superior to that remarkable piece in boldness, variety, and subtlety of characterization.

John Ferguson is a County Down farmer, deprived of his former prosperity by prolonged ill-health, whose one solace is his Bible, and whose one rule of life is the Sermon on the Mount. In principle and practice he is a saint. Henry Witherow, a brutal and usurious miller, holds, and is about to foreclose, a mortgage on his ancestral farm. A wealthy brother in America, to whom he has appealed for help, has failed to answer his letter. At this juncture, when his dispossession is imminent, James Cæsar, a well-to-do grocer and notorious coward, who has long hated and vainly threatened Witherow, offers to pay off the mortgage if Hannah Ferguson, John's pretty daughter, will marry him. Hannah, who despises James, is so stirred by an exhibition of Witherow's brutality that she unexpectedly agrees to the match, to which Ferguson, although he will not urge it, gladly assents, disregarding the protest of his son Andrew, who resents his sister's sacrifice. When Hannah repents, declaring that she cannot fulfil her bargain, her father tenderly reassures her, cheerfully accepts his disappointment, and bids her go and tell Witherow that all hope of taking up the mortgage is now ended. During her absence Cæsar returns, in high exultation, and is correspondingly angry when told that his suit has been rejected. While he is still lamenting, Hannah rushes in, frantic and dishevelled, to report that Witherow has forcibly assaulted and dishonored her. Thenceforward the action is intense and rapid. Cæsar, transformed by rage, goes out into the night, vowing that he will have Witherow's life. Old Ferguson, true to his creed, declares that Witherow must be left to Divine vengeance, and bids Andrew follow Cæsar and prevent him from adding murder to outrage. Andrew plumply refuses, saying that Witherow deserves death, and that Cæsar has the right to kill him. Thereupon, Ferguson, finding all remonstrance futile, decrepit as he is, overbearing all opposition, departs himself upon his errand of mercy.

Then follows a strikingly original and subtle scene, in which "Clutie" John, a vagrant imbecile, casual guest of the hospitable Fergusons, with his incoherent chattering stirs into flame the smouldering revolt in the heart of the perplexed and conscientious Andrew, who hitherto has been as religiously minded as his father. Left alone, Andrew takes the family gun from the mantelpiece and exits. The next morning Cæsar comes early, in deep dejection, to confess that all his bluster has amounted to naught. He set out with his gun, he says, to shoot Witherow, but on approaching the latter's house was seized with a paroxysm of terror, and in fleeing fell, accidentally discharging the weapon, which he abandoned. While he is still talking "Clutie" John brings the news that Witherow has been found dead, shot through the heart. While Cæsar, knowing himself suspected, is wildly protesting his innocence, the police enter, arrest and carry him off, Andrew standing by unmoved. Two weeks later the expected letter from America comes with the money to pay the mortgage, the writer having missed the mail. It is the very irony of fate, and old John is staggered when his daughter Hannah hysterically twits him about his faith in an overruling Providence. But he maintains that Cæsar must be held responsible for his crime.

Then follows another scene of most uncommon truthfulness and power, in which Andrew proclaims his own guilt and Cæsar's innocence, and declares his unalterable determination to surrender himself as the murderer. An extraordinary grip of character is displayed in the attitude of the various members of the stricken family. The father, demoralized by grief and horror, impulsively pushes his Bible aside, says the trial is too hard for him, and insists that Andrew must flee to America with the money, and send his confession when safe. The frantic mother declares that Hannah is the guilty one who should be hanged. Hannah supports her brother loyally, declining to see any wickedness in his deed, and finally accompanies him to the jail. As the curtain falls, old John, rallying his faith, comforts his wife, and finishes reading of the death of Absalom, with David's pitiful lament.

This colorless outline will at least indicate the ingenuity, strength, and unconventionality of the story, to which, necessarily, it does scant justice. It is not in the least religious drama, but utterly human. It would be difficult to say what moral, if any, Mr. Ervine would draw from the experience of his sincerely and practically religious, but sorely afflicted, hero. Ferguson is a Job without his temporal rewards. No attempt need be made to grapple with the insoluble mysteries of life and faith. The conspicuous merits of the play consist in its perfect naturalness, its progressive interest, the consistency, variety, and vitality of its personalities, the deep emotional interest of situations arising out of contrasted character, and the easy action of its hidden machinery. This work puts Mr. Ervine in the first rank of living dramatists. It may be commended confidently to all discerning readers on its literary merits. In the theatre it would be irresistible, if a competent cast could be found for it.

J. Ranken Towse.

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"MACBETH."

The revival of "Macbeth" at the Criterion Theatre by James K. Hackett and Viola Allen is a picture show rather than a dramatic performance. From the former point of view it is a remarkable artistic achievement. As an interpretation of one of the greatest of Shakespearean tragedies it is almost wholly negligible. A somewhat hazy explanatory note on the programme, hinting at a desire for originality, founded on research, offers a possible explanation of a lamentable miscarriage. The day for any new reading of the play is long past. The only problem rises from the ancient dispute concerning the relative criminality and influence of the guilty Thane and his wife, and the answer, upon the stage, depends largely upon the character and capacity of the principal actors. Actually, the point involved is more interesting as a subject for psychological debate than it is dramatically important. Whichever way it is decided, the absorbing interest of the action is unaffected. What is certain is that "Macbeth," with its fatalistic, preternatural atmosphere, is highly imaginative poetic romance, in which the two protagonists are of heroic dimensions. Intensely human, they exceed the standards of ordinary mankind in the superlative nature of their ideas, their language, their crimes, and the terrors of their spiritual emotions and conflicts. They are triumphant demonstrations of the power of genius to find space within the limits of strict realism for the loftiest flights of fancy.

It should be clear, one might imagine, even to ordinary intelligence, that to realize, even partly, in material action, such extraordinary intellectual conceptions, some special manner, some distinction of carriage, largeness and significance of gesture, definite characterization, and elocutionary proficiency—some correspondence of histrionic to literary art—would be essential. But Mr. Hackett and—though in a lesser degree—Miss Allen appear, after research, to have reached the conclusion that the full contents of this inspired masterwork may best be expressed in terms of the modern and ordinary. At any rate their performance at no point rises above the level of undistinguished melodrama. Nothing more dismally commonplace could easily be imagined. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of a representation unillumined by a flash of poetic insight or tragic fire. At the very outset Macbeth's jocose and careless treatment of the witches exhibited a fatal misconception of the whole tone, scope, and spirit of the tragedy. Famous passages in the text were robbed of all their magic by slovenly and inexpert delivery. Others were clipped or omitted. For certain innovations in the rearrangement, transposition, or curtailment of certain scenes—made in the interest of quicker and closer action—no particular apology was needed. Liberties taken with the form were inconsiderable compared with the offences against the spirit. Pictorially the revival is one of the most artistic ever seen in this city. All the castle scenes, exterior and interior, with their solid stone work, fine color and perspective, simple and significant decoration, were eminently appropriate and satisfying, and a great credit to the artist, Josef Urban, and the management. The costuming also was rich and nicely in harmony with its surroundings. There was a copious feast for the eye with Lenten fare for the understanding. J. R. T.

Music

MASTERS OF FRENCH OPERA.

Bizet, Gounod, and Massenet are the master-composers of French operas best known to music lovers of our day. To most of these, their predecessors are mere names; nor is it likely that, if their works (with a few exceptions) were revived, audiences would remain to the end to hear them. It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that if the operas of these masters are no longer of general interest, the same is true of the composers themselves, their careers and characters. If anybody harbors this delusion, he should read Romain Rolland's "Some Musicians of Former Days," either in the original or in the excellent English version made of it by Mary Blaiklock and published by Henry Holt ($1.50 net). The author of this book (and of "Jean-Christophe," which Edmond Gosse has called "the noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century") is a professor of the history of music who unites what it has been customary to call German scholarship and thoroughness with French lucidity and elegance of style. He holds that music is just beginning to take the place due to it in general history. "The political life of a nation is only a superficial part of its being; and in order to learn its inner life—the source of its actions—we must penetrate to its very soul by way of its literature, its philosophy, and its art, where the ideas, the passions, and the dreams of its people are reflected."

In this book M. Rolland presents vivid pictures of the inner life, the ideas and passions, the sources of action, of the Parisians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He found what he calls "a storehouse for history" in the lives and works of operatic composers now forgotten, and by collating a multitude of details he brings them and their periods home to his readers. The only serious adverse criticism to be made is that, after the example of German professors, the author relegates too many of his striking details to footnotes. His first chapters are concerned with the beginnings of opera. He makes the claim, which has also been made and minutely proved by Prof. Hugo Riemann (the author of the best and most trustworthy musical dictionary in existence), that Peri and the other Florentine musicians of the seventeenth century, who are honored by all historians as the originators of opera, did little more than revive certain musical practices and traditions of the fourteenth century. After considering various kinds of plays with which music was closely associated in Italian theatres, the author devotes a long chapter to the first opera sung in Paris—a chapter which strikingly illustrates his thesis concerning the intimate connection of music with a nation's life. If further facts were needed, beyond those furnished by the present war, that the French are not—as Americans, in particular, have been wont to picture them—frivolous and licentious by natural instinct and inheritance, they would be supplied by the amusing story of how the Italian operatic invasion was fought in Paris on religious and moral as well as political grounds. The parts played by Cardinal Mazarin, the Duc d'Orléans, and the Queen are made clear. For a time, at least, music and the stage seemed the most important of all political problems. M. Rolland concludes this section with the words: "And this is why, although the first Italian opera in Paris was a great success, many years elapsed before opera found a definite place in France."

While the name of Rossi, who composed the first of the Italian operas heard in France, is now forgotten, another of the "musiciens d'autrefois" to whom this volume is devoted, Lully, is still remembered. His operas are, indeed, not sung any more, but in concert halls one hears occasionally some excerpts from them, which usually give pleasure by their simple, archaic rhythms and tunefulness. Lully, too, was an Italian, but he came to Paris as a boy, and, like other foreigners who helped to build up the opera in France (Gluck, Meyerbeer, Offenbach), he became fully Gallicized. "Lully's thought and style are thoroughly French." Up to his fortieth year he was the declared enemy of Italian opera. "All his ambition was centred on the ballet-comedy in the old French style," says the author on one page; and, on another: "The constituent elements of Lully's art are almost entirely French, and French in every kind of way, being composed of vaudevilles, court airs, ballet-comedies, tragic declamation, and such like." Of this declamation and its relations to recitative in general, M. Rolland gives here the most lucid account known to me.

In reading these pages one is reminded repeatedly of the fact that some of our alleged modern innovations are simply revivals. The Ballet Russe was anticipated by Lully's attempt (which, to be sure, the dancing-masters and famous dancers of his time did not understand) to transform ballet into drama. He had "ballets with hardly any dance-steps, but composed of gestures and demonstrations—in brief, dumb show." Our notion, too, that it is only since the day of Wagner in Germany and Maurel in France that opera singers are expected to be good actors, is knocked on the head by the fact that "all Lully's great singers were also great actors," some of whom equalled the most celebrated artists of the Comédie Française. "Lully's opera was a school of declamation and dramatic action."

Other anticipations of modern developments are touched on in the chapter on Grétry, whose numerous operas not only enjoyed in his day great popularity, but had much influence on the works of Boieldieu, Isouard, Adam, and Auber. Grétry anticipated Bayreuth in suggesting the advantages of a hidden orchestra; he planned national games and dramatic schools, and insisted on the importance of singing in public schools. But the most remarkable of his

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anticipations lies in the following, which may have taught Wagner the secret of a definite orchestral speech:

A young girl assures her mother that she knows nothing about love; but while she is affecting indifference in her simple song, the orchestra expresses the anguish of love in her heart. Does a simpleton wish to express his love or his courage? If he is truly roused his voice will be full of feeling; but the orchestra by its monotonous accompaniment will reveal his true character.

M. Rolland does not point out that this last anticipation of modern methods might have been suggested to Grétry by a scene in one of Gluck's operas. Gluck's attention having been called to the inconsistency between the words of Orestes, "Peace returns into my soul," and the agitated orchestral part, he promptly retorted: "He lies, he lies; he has killed his mother." To Gluck, who did so much for the development of French opera, M. Rolland also devotes an interesting chapter, which should be read in connection with Berlioz's elaborate but most entertaining articles on Gluck's "Orphée" and "Alceste," an excellent translation of which, by Edwin Evans, has been recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Evans argues plausibly that Berlioz's great admiration for Gluck was due largely to that composer's novel effects in orchestration, which was Berlioz's specialty.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

INTERIOR DECORATION.

Interior Decoration. By Frank Alvah Parsons. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

It is good that a public exists for a book like this. The president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts has written something much better than a manual of the decorator's profession which dates, in Anglo-Saxon countries, from Lord Burlington, Sir William Chambers, and the Grand Tour. His work discloses a stimulating philosophy of æsthetics. It is a compendium of live ideas useful to those who require justification or rectification in respect to their individual proclivities. Few professionals, however technically expert, will read it without profit. As for the general reader, if he really grasps any considerable part of the discussion, which is stiff reading in places, he will owe much to the author's mental alertness and intense convictions. The book is not a literary masterpiece; its style will hardly entitle it to rank with the classics of art criticism. It nevertheless is a model of right thinking about art.

The historical chapters are the weakest part of the book; though these are filled with the suggestive reactions of a vigorous mind. They are not critical, in the scholar's sense of the word, and they do not always show familiarity with the latest and most authentic historical researches. A characteristic statement is this: "In 1742 mahogany was introduced into England, and from then on it rapidly grew in favor until it well-nigh dominated the English expression, and found its natural echo in our Colonial styles, which have been so much admired and in some cases overrated." The mahogany era, it should be noted, is generally dated from 1720, while recent studies indicate that it began some years earlier than that.

Its revolt from historical precedent is, in reality, the motivation that makes Mr. Parsons's work notable. The conventional interior decorator, ever since the Italians of the baroque period made a trade of this kind of work, has been a "copier of old copies." Not even lawyers have been more ardent sticklers for tradition. To-day the one fear of the average decorative designer is of perpetrating some stylistic incongruity, not of being convicted of having nothing to say. Yet even in the finest historical periods much of the ornamentation, as Mr. Parsons shows, was neither logical nor serviceable in its own time. Still less is it adapted for reproducing *in toto* in wholly different surroundings. Our present need, therefore, is to cease copying slavishly and to begin to develop such sensitiveness and good taste that only those features of ancient art which can efficiently be employed in aid of modern needs and aspirations shall be selected, whatever is superfluous and meaningless in our day going by the board.

This ideal does not, of course, inhibit consistent designing in the style of a given period. It does forbid bodily taking over of all the modes and mannerisms of another time, some of them hopelessly out of key with the aims and materials of to-day. For the artist and the home-maker the problem is not so much to increase knowledge of the minutiæ of historic ornament as to grow in responsiveness to harmonies and discords of scale relation and surface relation, of expressive qualities and adaptative quantities. We are heirs, indeed, to the art of the ages, but part of our inheritance is lumber for the bonfire. We should no longer accept sentimentally whatever the student of history offers; criteria have been set by which to pick and choose with genuine intelligence. Acceptance of these artistic standards is the more desirable since in this era "we live in the grasp of a commercially social impulse, with the leading idea, commercial advancement, dominating even the social quality. This, of course, is the lowest and most inartistic viewpoint possible, since the creation of beautiful things demands a love for those things which is stronger than any mere material gain which can result from their creation. The art standard of the modern period is in consequence less sensitive, less clearly defined, and less exalted than perhaps any that has previously existed."

Animating Mr. Parsons's book, in brief, one feels much of the spirit of American "uplift," sometimes crude in manifestation, but spontaneous and creative. The specific principles and precepts for furnishing rooms are always sensible and often original. The author is prophet of a new artistic order as well as conveyor of hints and helps to women's clubs. He foresees a "second renaissance," in which each period of the past "will be studied with one thing in view, and that is to know the ideas for which the period stands, to see the qualities in applied art which stand for those ideas, and to use those ideas and qualities to express the individual idea in the home."

The erratum of "bivaries" for "binaries" in the caption of the descriptive color chart facing page 20 is a mark of careless or illiterate proof-reading.

The construction of a new direct line from Rome to Naples has been the means of discovering the remains of a large amphitheatre at Pozzuoli. The building was, apparently, first buried in its own débris, and later by a volcanic eruption of unknown date. The upper range of steps is still in fairly good preservation, and one can see clearly the upper apertures of entrances and exits, and pieces of the beams which had supported the awnings. Fragments of gilded and colored stucco attest the former magnificence of the decorations of the edifice. This is the second amphitheatre found at Pozzuoli, the other having been excavated as long ago as 1838. The city was of great importance in Roman times, carrying on an extended trade and being the principal depot for the traffic of Italy with Egypt and the East.

Finance

THE "WAR MUNITIONS MERGERS."

The announcement last week, that the Midvale Steel & Ordnance Company was to absorb the important Cambria Steel Company, attracted attention for several reasons. The Midvale is a holding company, organized last October, at the height of the speculation in the "war munitions shares." Wall Street's impression at that time was, that the new concern was designed to absorb under one control the larger munitions-making corporations, and to sell to the outside public the capital stock issued in getting that control. With such an imputed purpose, it could not fail to be a reminder of the huge mergers of the steel and other enterprises, at the height of the great industrial speculation which began in 1899 and culminated in 1902.

With $100,000,000 authorized capital of its own, the new Midvale company purchased first nearly all the stock of the $9,750,000 Midvale Steel Company, an armor-plate concern, and all the stock of a new munitions-manufacturing concern, the Remington Arms. Rumors at once sprang up on the Stock Exchange that the new holding company was planning also to acquire such well-known munitions plants as the Bethlehem

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Steel and the Du Pont Powder; possibly other industrial concerns engaged for the time on Europe's "war orders," such as the Baldwin Locomotive; not to mention numerous rich and powerful companies engaged in the ordinary lines of steel production. Nothing further happened, however, until the recent announcement that the $45,000,000 Cambria Steel Company, controlled for many years by the Pennsylvania Railroad, had been purchased by the Midvale, on the basis of $81 per share for Cambria common stock. This stock sold at 41 a year ago, and its highest price of the past half-dozen years was 55⅛ in 1912.

The Cambria is not a manufacturer of war munitions; hence the seeming purpose of the combination is the increase in capacity and the diversification of output which the Cambria Steel Company should bring to Midvale. Cambria, according to the latest figures available, had a yearly capacity of 1,500,000 to 1,750,000 tons of steel ingots—the product most generally taken in stating the capacity of steel works. Its relative position is illustrated by the fact that of the other large independent producers, the Jones & Laughlin turns out 2,000,000 tons; Lackawanna, 1,300,000 tons; Republic Iron & Steel, 1,200,000 tons; Youngstown Sheet & Tube, 1,300,000 tons. Midvale, with the acquisition of Cambria, would therefore rank second to the United States Steel Corporation in point of output; but at how great a distance, is shown by the fact that the Steel Corporation is supposed to have an ingot capacity of 20,000,000 tons a year. But the Cambria also manufactures a varied line of commercial products, including rails, structural shapes, plates, agricultural steel, spring steel, wire and wire products, and freight cars. Whether the management of Midvale intends to devote the Cambria plants, so far as possible, to munitions-making has not been made known. General assumption is, that the company was acquired as a safeguard against the return of peace, when orders for munitions will dwindle away.

The Midvale-Cambria merger has been compared, and contrasted, with the organization, in 1901, of the United States Steel Corporation, which absorbed ten independent and competing steel companies. The formation of the Steel Corporation, however, was due to the aggressive competition which existed at that time in the steel trade, and which in 1900 had brought the industry to a precarious condition, due to competitive price-cutting. Such a condition does not exist at present, when there is more than enough steel business to go around, and when prices of steel products are at the highest level attained in many years.

Still, Wall Street discussed with a good deal of interest the question, whether the mere announcement of such successive "mergers" might not itself kindle a speculative fire, like that of 1901. This has not happened yet; the "Cambria purchase" was received on the Stock Exchange without emotion. Still, a rather long experience has taught Wall Street that, while increased earnings or increased dividends count for much with the outside public, the idea that one group of corporations are likely to be bought up by others for more than their market value is a powerful speculative attraction. Now there had been an undoubted "deal," and when no one could prove that the industrial field was not full of other Midvales planning to buy up the shares of other Cambrias. In short, the notion that 1916 might be another 1901 has appealed to professional Wall Street.

Nobody can safely predict the future of the extraordinary existing situation; most predictions that have been made have turned out wrong. It is conceivable that we may yet pass through an orgy of promotion, combination, and speculation, like that of fifteen years ago. But there are several qualifying considerations. The law's restraining power against such performances, in promotion and combination, as those of 1899 and 1901, has come to be a very different matter from what it was in the prime of the Gateses and the Keenes and the "Rock Island crowds." Court proceedings in those days served chiefly to hold up the exploiters to the admiring view of the public; there was no such shifting and scuttling and Old Bailey evasions as one sees to-day, even in the Interborough investigation.

There is none of the illusion which then seized the great promoters and speculators themselves, actually persuading them that a new order of financial principles and political economy had been established, and that nothing could stop a "boom" launched with sufficient command of bank resources. To-day, the most venturesome speculators and speculative leaders are the most emphatic in the curious declaration as to how great a disaster European peace may bring to American industry. What should be even more important than these other considerations, even Wall Street learned something from the sequel of 1901. Still, we have now more or less of a new generation, even in speculative Wall Street and the speculative outside public. The times are strange, the stimulus to imagination unusually strong, and we shall see what we shall see.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Danby, F. Twilight. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Lyons, A. N. Moby Lane and Thereabouts. Lane. $1.25 net.
Morgan, A. The Imprisoned Splendor. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.35 net.
Nyburg, S. L. The Conquest. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Robins, S. N. A Man's Reach. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Sinclair, M. The Belfry. Macmillan. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Subterraneously-Sullen. Oxford University Press.
Blake, W. H. Brown Waters and Other Sketches. Macmillan.
Burpee, L. J. Sandford Fleming. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
Eddy, S. The Students of Asia. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 50 cents.
Everyman's Library: Edwin Drood. Ursule Mirouët. Phantastes. Lady Inger of Ostraat, and Other Comedies. On the Scope and Nature of University Education. The Peace of Europe, etc. Jackanapes, and Other Stories. The Life of the 1st Duke of Newcastle. Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances, and Other Stories. Dutton.
Fotheringham, J. K. Margo Sanudo. Assisted by L. F. R. Williams. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
Hill, H. W. The New Public Health. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hough, L. H. In the Valley of Decision. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents.
Letters Written in War Time. Selected and arranged by H. Wragg. Oxford University Press.
Luccock, H. E. Fares, Please! Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.
Marvin, F. S. The Unity of Western Civilization. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Perry, M. Blossomy Cottage. The Abingdon Press. 50 cents.
Pitt, W. O. Italy and the Unholy Alliance. Dutton. $1 net.
Pyke, H. R. The Law of Contraband of War. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Reade, C. The Cloister and the Hearth. London: Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Report of the Thirty-ninth Annual Meeting of the American Bar Association. Baltimore, Md.: The Lord Baltimore Press.
Roosevelt, T. Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Doran. $1.50 net.
Wordsworth's Tract on the Convention of Cintra. Introduction by A. V. Dicey. London: Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hauser, H. Méthodes Allemandes d'expansion Economique. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Ponsonby, A. Democracy and Diplomacy. London: Methuen & Co.
Robertson, D. H. A Study of Industrial Fluctuation. London: P. S. King & Son.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Chesterton, G. K. The Crimes of England. Lane. $1 net.
Creasy, E. Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Forbes, N., and Others. The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
France, A. The Path of Glory. Lane. $1.50 net.
Pages actuelles 1914-1915:La Signification de la Guerre. Les Surboches. Guerre et Philosophie. L'Esprit philosophique de l'Allemagne et la Pensée Française. Paris, France: Bloud et Gay.

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POETRY.

Frank, H. The Clash of Thrones. Boston: [illegible]ger. 50 cents net.
[illegible]vorth's Patriotic Poetry. Oxford Uni[illegible]y Press.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Goetschius, P. The Larger Forms of Musical Composition. New York: G. Schirmer.

Strout, J. E. To Emmaus and Back. Abingdon Press. 25 cents.

ART.

Denys, F. W. Our Summer in the Vale of Kashmir. Washington: The James William Bryan Press.
Siren, O. Leonardo da Vinci. Yale University Press.

JUVENILE.

Ottoman Wonder Tales. Edited by L. M. Garnett. Macmillan. $2.25.
Skinner, A. M. The Tale of Tibby and Tabby. Duffield.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bailey, E. H. S. Laboratory Experiments on Food Products. Philadelphia: Blakiston.
Bundy, E. R. Textbook of Anatomy and Physiology. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $1.75 net.
DeVitis, M. A. A Spanish Grammar for Beginners. Allyn & Bacon.
Ostwald, W. Handbook of Colloid Chemistry. Philadelphia: Blakiston. $3 net.
Pace, R. B. American Literature. Allyn & Bacon.
Spencer, E. L. The Efficient Secretary. Stokes. $1 net.

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